

# AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

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\*.\* Many Communications for Correspondents are lying at  
our Publishers.



## MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

*A New Orlando Furioso.*

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

## FLIGHT VII.

“*Ætatem aliam, aliud factum convenit.*”—PLAUTUS.

In rainy weather, wear your Macintosh;  
When the glass rises, waterproof is *bosh*.

It is a trying thing for a new peer to take his seat in the House, of which he is of necessity the last and meanest fraction. But at least, *his* place is definite. The whole kingdom of Great Britain knows him to be the last created peer; and, in all probability, knows also the why and wherefore of his elevation;—whether borough interest, or professional merit, or the exercise of adroit political scavengery, or the personal partiality of the sovereign.

But a peer who has established his claim to an ancient barony, is in a different position.—His assumption of a right having displaced others who fancied themselves firmly seated in their places, every junior peer is the loser by his gain; and his lordship's precedence being a stab to the pride of many, he is compelled to take up a position among those who regard him as an intruder.

For, after all, why has any peerage been suffered to lie dormant?—Because the family entitled to its honours wanted money, consequence, or spirit, to prosecute the claim.—There must have been a grievous deficiency of one kind or other; and those personages, who, like the young ogrelings in the fairy tale, have been sleeping all their life long with their coronets upon their heads, feel entitled to look down upon heads so long contented with a simple nightcap.—The new peer is consequently in a false position; and like most people so circumstanced, his manners are unfavourably influenced by the consciousness of being out of place;—either he is sneakingly humble, or affects a careless effrontery to cover his embarrassment.

Never had Howardson stood more in awe of the alligator than on first assuming his robes!—Never had he felt so little, as when invested with unaccustomed greatness. The man who has held his own in White's beau-window,—the man to whom the House of Commons has listened with deference, is entitled to keep the crown of the causeway, in whatever position he may find himself. But when, in one of those thin attendances of the Lords, just

sufficient to make a House, which causes every individual present to stand isolated and distinct, as a king upon a throne, Lord Buckhurst first assumed his place on the ministerial side, with easy and well-bred assurance, to confront the inquiring faces of the opposition,—an involuntary effort to clear his throat apprised him of a certain uneasy consciousness of being in presence of the elect of the land;—those chartered magnats of England by whom, far more than by the people, its throne may be taken by the beard!—He found himself looked down upon by those to whom he was forced to look up in return. No buffoonery *there*,—no vulgar finery,—no affectation of fastidiousness. Nothing but the most perfect simplicity of manner and tone could enable him even to pass muster among them. To distinguish himself *above* them, even the exhibition of the highest abilities would scarcely suffice.

He saw before him the shrewd eye and sarcastic smile of the ennobled lawyer,—the reflective, careworn brow of the ennobled statesman,—the sturdy squareness of the rural suzerain,—the authoritative gravity of the spiritual lord;—but in greater number than all these united, the slouching persons and inexpressive countenances of the ancient nobles of the kingdom, who, in spite of moral and physical insignificance, derive an otherwise unattainable stamp of personal distinction, from the habit of being, from their cradle upwards, a mark for deference and consideration.—However unwillingly, (for the *esprit de corps* was still dormant within him, and he stood “among them, but not of them,”) he was forced to admit that a portion of “the divinity that doth hedge a king,” extends its powers of fascination to the Order next succeeding in degree.

It was mortifying enough to Lord Buckhurst to feel himself so thoroughly out of his element.—In attaining his peerage, he had considered only the consequence it would confer;—the insignificance, was a sensation for which he was unprepared.—He had anticipated with delight a riddance from Jack Honeyfield’s nightly salutation to him in the House of Commons, of “Well, old chap!—do you mean to come it strong over us to-night?—Are you going to drown our faculties with another yard and a half of pump-water?” But he found that the vague looks of inquiry directed towards him by his new colleagues,—the air of non-recognition with which they regarded a man so much less well-known than comports with a condition that bestows the consequence of a public man on a peer’s eldest son from the moment he is breeched,—were almost harder to bear than the coarse familiarity of a Sir John Honeyfield!—

Nothing but the niceness of tact derived from a life of clubhood, enabled him to withstand the temptation to rise and defy them by an astounding specimen of eloquence, on the first occasion that presented itself!—But Lord Buckhurst had served too severe an apprenticeship to the quizzery of White’s



to be unaware that precipitation would be damnatory;—that it is only a law lord who is entitled to make himself heard, without previous probation;—and that it was *his* business to win his way to toleration, and from toleration to consideration, by patient attendance,—by working hard on committees,—by affected indifference to his distinctions;—and when at length he *did* permit himself to speak, carefully avoiding all pretence to oratory; but addressing his limited and select audience as a gentleman addresses, in private life, a party of friends whom he does not pretend to astonish, but to whom he wishes to impart information *à charge de revanche*.

All this he fully knew and wisely practised; whereas certain of the un-ennobled, less cognizant of the conventional exigencies of his position, who saw in Lord Buckhurst only the brilliant Howardson of the Commons promoted to a higher sphere of action, felt surprised that month after month should pass away, and the only notice of his parliamentary career in the newspapers, consist in the words, “Yesterday, Lord Buckhurst took the oaths and his seat.” *They* had expected to find him Chat-hamizing before four-and-twenty hours were over his coronet! These certain persons, however, consisted of the only two really interested in the success of the new peer;—namely, Mauley and Gertrude Montresor.—Lady Rachel was so embittered against him, as to take no part in his triumphs; and as to the poor girl at the Ursulines, *she* was solicitous for his eternal salvation rather than for his senatorial distinctions.—It was only his mother’s executor whom he had saved out of the fish-pond, and the broken-spirited woman over whose destinies he had passed like the withering simoom of the desert, who persisted in examining the papers day after day, to look for the “one loved name,” among those brief records of lordly legislation, from which we may infer that the epicureans by patent,—the stewards’ room of the state,—leave the dirty work of the kingdom to be done by their subs. of the servants’ hall, or House of Commons.

Lord Buckhurst’s determination during the first hour he spent under the authority of the mace of the Lord Chancellor and black rod of the Usher—(the Alpha and Omega of the House of Lords)—was never to return there more.

“Except for a call of the House, or some remarkable debate, I will not expose myself again to this insolent scrutiny!” mused he.

Something, however, in the quiet, easy, slip-shod fashion of the debate, as compared with the uproarious, scuffling, bustling schoolboy restlessness of the House of Commons, proved singularly congenial with his taste.—The undemonstrative despotism of the Lords,—the quiet exercise of power,—delighted him.—It was as the “*Fiat lux!*” compared with one of Hullah’s uproars for the million.—

As a matter of curiosity, he returned once or twice; and after

a week's experience, felt that to descend from this polished simplicity of potentiality to the clamour of an assemblage like the Commons,—loud, laborious, dirty, and oppressive as the mechanism of a steam-engine,—would have been indeed a work of derogation!

By degrees, he began to experience an interest in the operations of a body whose modes of despatch were so new to him. He was found to be an excellent committee-man. His services were eagerly solicited by ministers; and when, at length, he *was* tempted to speak, so thoroughly had he made himself master of the tone appropriate to his new audience, that the careless grace of his diction afforded a valuable lesson to those from whom he had received so many.—Moreover, the wisdom of that calculating machine called Government, in which a colossal rapacity seems engendered by perpetual contemplation of the proportions of the National Debt, admitted that his lordship had discharged with interest his amount of obligations. He was consequently seated more firmly than ever upon the back of the alligator; the faces of the opposition benches having converted their sneers of sarcasm into a stare of wonder and consternation.

The various ascendancies of the House of Lords now attempted to cajole him into their subdivisions. The pious faction, which calls itself the religious party,—the pedagogical faction which calls itself the progress party,—the retrogressive faction, which, *plus aristocrate que l'aristocratie*, devotes itself to the rigid maintenance of the Order,—the oilcake faction, or agrarian party,—all in succession did their utmost to increase their consequence in the estimation of ministers by obtaining his eloquent intermediation for their pet measures.—Lord Buckhurst, however, was on his guard against incurring the stigma of officiousness or importunity.—Like the sibyl, by burning a portion of his books, he hoped to increase the value of the rest.—It did not become *him* to be a speaker of all work, like a Frederick Howardson, or a Mauley.—

Moreover, a new species of *clairvoyance* was perplexing his mind.—He was beginning to surmise that the motive which had deterred his sire and grandsire from prosecuting their claim to the Buckhurst peerage, was a consciousness of the inadequacy of their means to sustain its dignity;—for he found that the estate which had made Howardson of Greyoke rich, left Lord Buckhurst of Greyoke poor. So far from his hereditary precedence over the stuccoed portico assigning him greater weight in the county than Lord Langley, who had hacked and hewed his way into the peerage with a golden hatchet, he found that, in the subscriptions to county charities, the name of Lord Buckhurst, hoisted above that of his wealthy neighbour in connexion with 5*l.* 5*s.*, and in opposition to the 105*l.* of the Langleys, looked fifty times more insignificant than when figuring soberly among the esquires.



Under the dawning sense of this want of consequence, *Uth a oke*,—noble, beautiful, unblemished Greyoke,—became distasteful to him. The old family seat, of which scarcely another man in England would have taken possession without a sentiment of pride and accession of worth from such a patrimony, he despised as inadequate to the maintenance of a barony of the fourteenth century;—and had serious thoughts of expending a portion of the five-and-twenty thousand pounds still remaining to him of the prudent economies of his mother, (which she had mentally dedicated to the formation of a suitable establishment in town, and future settlements for younger children,) to the erection of a new wing, containing a dining-room of sufficient dimensions to keep head and front in dinner-giving with the stuccoed portico.—Contemptible rivalry,—miserable competition!—

Meanwhile, the county contained *one* individual to whom Howardson's accession to the peerage afforded perhaps as much satisfaction as to himself. The Earl of Crohampton, father to the Lady Lucy and Lady Caroline adverted to as our hero's partners in the course of his first season in town, rejoiced to welcome to his side a man he considered worthy of participating in the great blessings of his Order; a man who had not bought his way to distinction either with money or merit, but was entitled to cap himself with velvet and gold at a coronation, because his grandfather, twenty times removed, had shared, with the infamous Gaveston, the favour of a worthless sovereign. This was everything to the Earl of Crohampton.—This was nobility as *he* understood the term.—This was an aristocratism that rose superior to the stuccoed portico by somewhat more than "the altitude of a chioppine."—

Entitling himself to the friendship of the new Lord Buckhurst in consideration of the acquaintanceship formerly vouchsafed to Howardson of Greyoke,—he seemed as proud of having at length a kindred lord in his county, as though one of the kings of Brentford could have witnessed in his latter days the accession of his brother monarch.—It was "Buckhurst, Buckhurst, Buckhurst!" with him, in all times and places.—He could be no longer certain whether Swedes were a safer cultivation for his neighbourhood than mangel-wurzel, unless Buckhurst supported him in his presidency at agricultural meetings; and the grand question of Poor's Rates escaped his comprehension, unless simplified by the luminous exposition of the Lord of Greyoke.—

Now, in earlier life, the vicinity of Crohampton Castle had been one of the greatest obstacles to the frequency of Howardson's visits to Greyoke.—From his boyhood upwards, he had regarded the Earl as a bore of the first magnitude,—*z* of the constellation Comes.—Lady Lucy and Lady Caroline too had been impediments.—As he occasionally permitted himself to say among his friends, "*Such* faces are only ornamental when attached to the water-spouts of a cathedral."—Even when Lady Lucy

became the wife of a widowed duke,—(one of those square masses of passive consequence which had overawed him in the House of Lords as with the dignity that invests even a fragment of stone when we know it to be of Druidical origin,—) he had not felt himself safe in submitting to the civilities of the family.—Lady Caroline was still grimly in wait for him, like the spectre of some withered ancestress of the reign of the Conqueror!—

But, strange to tell, once enwrapt in his peers' robes, he beheld all this with a different eye. Once enrolled in the same feudal corps with the Crohampton tribe, and entitled like them to regard the sons of the soil merely as enfranchised serfs attached to the glebe,—a subaltern portion of the human race,—the narrow-sightedness of the Earl seemed suddenly converted into a loftier view of human rights; and the dry self-possession of the passionless Lady Caroline, into an "air of distinction!"—There were strong grounds of sympathy between them. They were alike entitled to oppose a barrier to the developments of social life;—and profess their national religion of love of Liberty in the same modified and contracted sense they practised the equalizing humilities of Christianity:—their interpretation of both faiths, the human and divine, being derived from the revelations of the Heralds' College.

The early habits of Lord Buckhurst classed him among those who regard their little native island as a sort of bachelor-lodging, for which Italy supplies a garden, France a drawing-room, and Germany a library and bath.—But now that, by promotion, he had acquired rights of lordly proprietorship in the tenement, he fancied that to see the little lodging kept in repair, and swept and garnished, was a duty that acquired dignity at his hands and was only appreciable by those similarly privileged.

One of the wittiest modern writers of Germany, Henry Heine, has observed that the English love Liberty like a lawful wife,—the French like a mistress,—and the Germans like a grandmother;—that the English, with all their pretended domestic affection, occasionally thrash their loving spouse or sell her at Smithfield;—while the French commit a thousand extravagances for the object of their illicit love, whom they asphyxiate with charcoal if unable to enjoy her society in their own way. Whereas the sober-suited Germans, who indulge in no ecstasies in honour of their grandmother, treat her with habitual deference; and, rich or poor, secure her a comfortable place for life in their chimney-corner!—

To this classification, the moral philosopher ought to have added, that it is only the brutal order of Englishman who cudgels his wife or sells her in a halter, that ever lavishes upon her the vital warmth of an ardent heart; the cultivated Englishman, privileged to have griffins or sea-horses painted on his chariot-panels!—and monsters in stone set up over his lordly gate-



posts, treats her with calm urbanity,—sends her to court with a diamond necklace round her neck,—prefers the painted smiles of some actress,—and when she is in peril of her life, lays down straw before her door and goes to the opera.—

Such was the conjugal tenderness experienced by the Lords Crohampton and Buckhurst towards the national Liberty they were pledged to love and comfort in sickness and in health,—worship with their bodies and endow with their worldly substance;—and, from this fellow-feeling, arose between them a *camaraderie* such as forms the nearest substitute for friendship—the pinchbeck of an ostentatious poverty of nature.

For with the Crohampton family, Lord Buckhurst felt no occasion to dissemble the dawning pride which, at White's and in the wider world, he buttoned as carefully under his frock-coat as though it were the trace of the branding-iron.—The thing of which he stood most in fear was to incur a suspicion in the World of attaching importance to his new honours; and he laboured to be at ease in them, as a mechanic to seem accustomed to his Sunday clothes.—

“Howardson *used* to be a very pleasant fellow!” was the commentary of White's, on the gratuitous efforts he was making;—“he will probably be so again when he becomes better acquainted with Lord Buckhurst.”—

For though London is the metropolis of modern Europe where nobility exercises the greatest influence—an influence more extensive than was ever attained by the grandees of Spain, whose privileges were only in proportion to the despotism of the throne,—it is also the city where the hypocrisy of independence most prevails. The badges of chivalry are seldom assumed unless when the wearer is stretched upon the rack of a royal presence; and the rainbow-show of ribbons gracing the button-holes of the Continent, is with us confined to the bonnets of our wives and winkers of our horses.—The only outward and visible sign of aristocratic distinction in London consists in the motley array of the servants' hall. But our pride is not the less existent, because, like the secret cuirass of Cromwell, worn under our garments.

The affected *nonchalance* of the aristocracy, assumed in the first instance to deprecate the jealousy of the middle classes, is, however, thoroughly thrown away.—The policy good for France or Spain, is no more applicable to the use of our constitutional country, than the *persiennes* and Venetian blinds to which we pretend as if we knew the meaning of sunshine. The freedom of the subject is with us too well established, and we possess too complete an equality before the laws of the country, to make the exhibition of an embroidered garter a matter of envy.—The people are too strong in their rights to be tempted into setting up a *guillotine* because certain classes of the community dress their trencher-scrapers in purple or crimson, or are entitled to tie a blue ribbon across their shoulders on appearing at the *levee* of their sovereign!—

Nevertheless, the graces of humility and affability are as much affected as if the untitled world experienced envy and veneration for empty honours, only formidable when connected with feudal rights of the days of chivalry, long extinct ; and by the time Lord Buckhurst had enjoyed his honours for a year, he had lost all his former graceful *insouciance* of manner in his endeavours not to give himself airs.—The play of countenance which at Dr. Clifton's had won the gentle heart of Gertrude Montresor, was now wholly obliterated—not by the ploughshare of care, but by the assumption of a mask of poco-curanteism.

For in a country so remarkable for gravity of countenance as England,—where a woman is seen selling a doll or a man frizzing a wig, with a seriousness of deportment worthy to work a problem in Euclid or figure beside the death-bed of an archbishop,—a passive immobility of feature that would have glorified the pencil of Velasquez, constitutes one of the characteristics of the aristocratic estate.

Such was the charm of Lady Caroline Cranwell in the eyes of Lord Buckhurst!—The heroines of Madame Tussaud were fully as animated ; and the mutable complexion of Apollonia Hurst, and varying expression of the fine eyes of Lady Rachel Lawrance, became odious in his recollection, compared with the steady fixedness of feature he revered as indicative of consciousness of a definite place among those whose passage through life leaves a permanent trace in the records of time, like other objects photographically delineated, by shutting out the sunshine from the rest.

He began to find Crohampton Castle a resource against the solitude of Greyoke ; where his hospitalities were limited alike by want of means, and want of geniality. At Crohampton, he was sure of the sort of conversation that suited him. The events reported there under the name of news, were of the conventional and trivial order in which his soul delighted. The nature of the hosts and of the guests they assembled was hard, round, and smooth as a billiard ball ;—no obtrusive angles,—not even a pretence at grace or adornment beyond their specific hardness, smoothness, and sphericity.

The Earl, evidently of opinion that a man of a certain age like Lord Buckhurst, could scarcely find a more appropriate wife than a woman no longer young, like his daughter, and that Lady Car., as his *alter ego* was a very fitting partner of his “egoism for two,”—extended the same encouragement to the new peer he had formerly done to the youthful esquire of Greyoke ; taking occasion, moreover, to insinuate to his guest that if Lady Caroline Cranwell still remained Lady Caroline Cranwell, it was only the result of a long-existing ambition to become Lady Caroline Howardson.—

But Lord Buckhurst, though enchanted to be invited as a guest, had no idea of being kidnapped as a son-in-law ; and when he found that the attentions he received from Crohampton



Castle concealed sinister designs, (like the "Hail, Cæsar!" of the assassins who prostrated themselves at the feet of the great Julius only to secure access for their daggers to his heart,) he began secretly to expatiate on the baseness of human nature, which is incapable of affording its hospitality to a neighbour or making him free of house and home, without premeditating the injury of tying a millstone round his neck, in the form of a superannuated daughter.—

For though enrolment in the pages of Burke and Lodge so far influenced the principles of Lord Buckhurst as to make him fancy it possible for a wife of his own to be as endurable as he had hitherto found the wives of his friends, he had thoroughly made up his mind if he *did* marry, to do himself the amplest justice. A peer of the realm with a fortune of only seven thousand per annum, is not in a situation to marry for love; still less to sacrifice himself to the love he may happen to inspire.—Above all, a man whose heart is set on adding a wing to his family mansion, is forced to convert the quiver of Cupid into a hod, and his arrows into a trowel.—The Lord of Greyoke had consequently decided to remain single, or double his fortune in doubling his condition.

The weakness (almost amounting to a vice) of TUFT-HUNTING, is doubtless, contemptible enough, and sufficiently prevalent in the world, to prove that the world abounds in sneaks. The chance of having been italicised by an apt and specific name, has served indeed to endow a very common English failing with very uncommon notoriety.—For the character of a tuft-hunter is one the odiousness of which is easily attributable to any individual of inferior rank addressing courtesies to one of a higher, let the deference emanate from whatever source or origin; and tuft-hunting being necessarily the vice of people of low degree, it cannot be too foully stigmatized.

But to how many persons of *high* degree would the infamy extend, if an equally explicit designation pointed out to shame the highborn PURSE-HUNTERS, who court the company of the rich!—the pitiful nobles who vouchsafe neither their love nor friendship under a certain ratio of remuneration;—but scruple not to dip in the dish with the millionaire Jew, or wed with the heiress of one enriched by the spoils of the gaming-table!—By comparison with the needy honourables who dispose of the favour of their company for the price of a dinner, the paltry tuft-hunters are decidedly in the minority!—

The best thing Lord Buckhurst found to do with the coronet (a right and title to which he fancied had ennobled the blood of his ancestors through a dozen generations) was to put it up to auction to the highest bidder, while pretending to exercise a fair free choice in the election of his partner for life. Henceforward, he hoped to be two to one against the alligator, and complete its subjugation by placing a golden curb and snaffle between its fearful jaws:—

## FLIGHT VIII.

“Les anciens avoient un grand respect pour les femmes ; mais ils croyoient honorer leur modestie en se taisant sur leurs autres vertus. Sur ce principe, un Spartiat entendant un étranger faire de magnifiques éloges des talens d’une dame, l’interrompit en colère, disant que c’était médire d’une femme de bien.

“Chez nous, la femme la plus estimée est celle qui fait le plus de bruit, de qui l’on parle le plus, qu’on voit le plus dans le monde, chez qui l’on dine le plus souvent, qui donne le plus impérieusement le ton, qui juge, tranche, décide, prononce, assigne aux talens leur mérite,—aux vertus leurs degrés et leurs places, et dont les humbles savans mendient le plus bassement la faveur.”—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

To follow the gradual deterioration of a mind created for noble purposes, but degraded by worldly usage, is a task about as tempting as that of a Parisian *chiffonnier* ; who gropes under the shadow of night in heaps of dirt, rags, and shavings, for the chance of occasionally finding a few spangles or a lost jewel.

Suffice it, therefore, in a few words, that the mean proprietor of noble Greyoke, condescended to all the basenesses usually perpetrated by purse-hunters ; though under the influence of an overweening vanity that would not content itself with second best. He chose to have youth and beauty with his bride, in addition to lands or money-bags ; and those endowed with money-bags or lands in addition to beauty and youth, chose to have something better in exchange than a discredited *roué*,—a peevish egoist of a certain age.—Defying the spur of steel appended to the heel of so feeble a knight, the alligator, consequently, laid him sprawling in the dust, and made off to shelter in a purer element.

For five long years did the discomfited Buckhurst waste his time in these unprofitable pursuits ;—now, arrayed in the lion’s skin of pride, now in the monkey’s skin of dandyism,—in both an animal of small account.—He who had hitherto enjoyed his torpor of ease like a serpent gorged with prey or an idol stupified by incense, laboured in pursuit of matrimonial enrichment as unremittingly as a galley-slave in a mine ; either fluttering among the wooden butterflies of fashion, or parading the honours of his caste in the sight of some vulgarian in all the stiff emblazonment of a herald’s tabard.—But alike in vain !—Never had cautious selfishness so overshot the mark.

“At ten years old,” says a sapient philosopher, “a man is influenced by cakes,—at twenty, by the smiles of woman,—at thirty, by the cogencies of books,—at forty, by the gauds of ambition,—at fifty, by the glitter of gold !”—Be it surmised how far Lord Buckhurst had progressed along the road of life, that his heart and soul were now absorbed in the counting of coin !—

“I am going to dine with the Attorney-General,” said he, one day, in answer to an invitation to dinner from Lord Crohampton ;—“an old schoolfellow of mine, who has turned his abilities to some account ;—for with a patrimony of only a few thousand



pounds, he is now in the enjoyment of seven or eight thousand a-year."—

"Which no doubt he knew much better how to gain than to spend!"—retorted the Earl.—"What *savoir vivre* can a man possibly attain in Westminster Hall?"

"Sir Thomas Mauley attained there a certain *savoir jouir*, which, as far as himself is concerned, comes to the same thing," replied Lord Buckhurst, fractiously. "The *savoir vivre* is an exercise of one's vanity—the active principle of one's sentient enjoyment."—

"You would have met at my house," said the Earl, "another old school-fellow of yours,—a capital fellow,—Jack Honeyfield of Gronington Park."—

"I always found him a sad beast," said Buckhurst, shrugging his shoulders,—"noisy and unpolished to the last degree."—

"The mere rusticity of a sportsman!" replied Lord Crohampton, with a smile of indulgence. "Besides, all the merit wanting in Honeyfield is supplied by that of his cook.—Honeyfield came into his uncle's fine fortune a year ago; and spends it not as our neighbours, those dreadful Langleys do, in brocaded curtains and services of plate,—but like a rational being, in keeping the best table in London!—I admit that people are beginning to call it 'Honeyfield's ordinary!'—But what then?—One meets the best society there.—Honeyfield evidently wanted to persuade Caroline to take the head of his house;—but the foolish girl would not hear of it."

Lord Buckhurst, aware that the Earl had asserted the same thing of himself, knew what weight to attach to the story. But he could not forbear observing—"I always understood that Sir John Honeyfield was to marry a fair cousin of his, of the name of Hurst?"—

"Yes,—there *was* an engagement between them—a family arrangement, in which the inclinations of neither were consulted. But when the young lady came of age, and into the enjoyment of her fortune, she declared off, and took the veil, I fancy, or something of that sort."

Having said his say, Lord Crohampton stepped into his brougham and drove home to dress for dinner; little suspecting that he had accomplished one of the purposes of Providence, as unwittingly as the butterfly conveys from flower to flower the fertilizing farina it has brushed with its careless wings, or as the bird transfers to a distant region the seed it has pilfered for its own sustenance.—Unintentionally, indeed, had he acquainted his intended son-in-law with a fact it greatly concerned him to know!—

For Apollonia Hurst, single, and in the enjoyment of eighty thousand pounds, was a very different person to Lord Buckhurst in search of a wife, from pretty little Apol-blossom, a minor, to the listless Howardson of the clubs. She was *now* really worth "inquiring-after!"—

But WHERE?—Who could afford him intelligence of the gentle being whose existence on the face of the earth was as that of a tuft of wood-sorrel, lying like a lost emerald in the heart of some gloomy forest? The only person of whom he could have obtained the clue he wanted, was Lady Rachel Lawrance; with whom, since leaving Halkin Street for a loftier habitation, he had held no communication. With an audacity of self-reliance, however, worthy of the century, he decided that he had only to extend his hand anew in token of conciliation, to have it grasped with gratitude.—And it was so.

But the Lady Rachel of to-day was a very different being from the Lady Rachel of four years before. In the first place, she had attained high consideration in the world from the publicity of her husband's irregularities;—the see-saw justice of England being apt to weigh the virtues of one person, by placing in an opposite scale the vices of another.

The Lady Rachel of to-day, accordingly, was thoroughly emancipated from the timidity of mind and manner engendered for a time by an unnatural attainment of independence. If she had not attached friends to her side, she had collected adherents; and fortified by their support and applause, gave the law she had been formerly compelled to receive. If she welcomed Lord Buckhurst back to her society, it was merely with a view of enrolling him in this numerous association. Her house was now at once a *bureau d'esprit* and *bureau de politique*;—and the adhesion of one of the best speakers in the Upper House and most eminent judges of the tribunal of fine taste,—was duly appreciated:—the great artists frequenting her society assigning as much authority to his *ipse dixit*, as the ministers to his ayes and noes.—Even the celebrated commander, of whom a foreign writer has bitterly observed, that “Fortune raised him aloft in triumph on the buckler of Victory, only to make manifest the meanness of his proportions,” appeared to value the voice of Buckhurst of Greyoke far more highly than the heiresses of the United Kingdom valued his hand.

So it was, therefore, that for the remainder of the season Lord Buckhurst dined once a-week with Mayonnaise, the cook of the “sad beast” Sir John Honeyfield; and once a-week, with the godmother of the Roman-catholic heiress.

Of the object of the latter concession, as yet, he said not a word; dreading that precipitation in his inquiries might place Lady Rachel on her guard, or at least give her an opportunity of placing Apollonia on hers. It was essential to his attempt to find the fortress ungarrisoned.

Amid the hurry and confusion of our tumultuous Babylon, (the only metropolis of Europe where the swallows find neither clay nor quiet for their nests,) people are oftener off their guard than elsewhere; as the march of a coming enemy is most audible and visible across the stillness of the plains. One night, therefore, when



Lady Rachel Lawrance was busied in looking over the fantastic sketch-book of Flightington the academician, and listening at one and the same moment to a new capriccio of Thalberg, and a new theory on comets from Dr. Sehensternus the Prussian astronomer, while waiting the announcement of the carriage that was to convey her to a ducal ball, Lord Buckhurst observed, (as he stood examining the sketches over her shoulder,) pointing the while, in a fanciful illustration of one of Uhland's ballads, to a figure that exhibited some slight analogy with that of Apoll blossom,—“By the way, yonder sea-nymph reminds one a little of that little Roman-catholic friend of yours. — I forget what became of her.—Did she die—or marry Honeyfield—or what? But no! now I think of it, the ‘man of whacks,’ as we used to call Honeyfield at college, is still a bachelor.”

“A bachelor, because, instead of becoming his wife, Apollonia Hurst on coming of age was idiot enough to enter a *béguinage*!” observed Lady Rachel, continuing to turn over the leaves of the sketch-book,—the rustling of which, rendering her words partly inaudible, was to her eager auditor as the rustling of the leaves of the Book of Fate!—

“I should have thought,” observed he, coolly, “that her father's house might have afforded a pleasanter alternative.”

“Her father's house is the grave!”—replied Lady Rachel, carelessly fastening the clasp of one of her rich bracelets.—“My poor old cousin did not long survive the flurry occasioned in his quiet existence by Apol's whims and caprices.—Instead of affording him pleasure, his daughter's arrival in England was like a ray of light suddenly penetrating into a cavern, to scare with its brightness some bird of night long babituated to the gloom.—The consequence was, that, on attaining her majority and the enjoyment of five thousand a year, the foolish girl had neither home to receive her nor friend to advise her against seeking so desolate a retreat as the obscurity of a *béguinage*.”—

The carriage was just then luckily announced: for though Lord Buckhurst was far from one of those the text of whose heart is printed in their face, Lady Rachel could scarcely have failed to notice his air of vexation on learning that he had allowed so rich a prize to slip through his fingers.—

Aware, however, that the vows of a *béguine* are not of the binding nature of other religious orders, already he had determined to make an essay whether the heart of the humble virgin of the Ursulines were as placable as that of the highflying dame so knowing in the whereabouts of comets. But not before the end of the season! To a London man, whether in or out of parliament, the season is a species of Sabbatical year, in which no business can be done.

Moreover, as frequent disappointment and long suspense renders apathetic natures more patient, though tending to increase the irritability of the excitable, he said to himself while

contemplating his new project, as he would have done in surveying a pheasant *pâté*—"Voilà un morceau qui se mangera froid!"—

The circle of Lady Rachel was, in fact, an agreeable addition to his London pleasures. Without entering into the flights of her pet ideologues, or the factions of her mercenary *bisognons* of letters, he derived the same pleasure from contemplating the impetuosity of their ideas and emotions we feel in surveying from the shore the turbulence of a troubled sea. There was something in the perpetual moral movement of its opinions and principles, refreshing to his inert nature as the breezy current of winds vouchsafed by Providence to dispel the stagnant vapours of the earth.

There was a certain reflective brilliancy, too, in the coterie of *beaux-esprits*, which seemed to illustrate all admitted within the magic circle; and as the eloquence of an orator resides nearly as much in his auditors as in himself, he was not sorry to have secured an audience qualified to double the measure of *his* qualifications. For albeit his lordship affected to leave his light under a bushel, he had it secretly at heart to let its lustre shine through a crevice.—He chose to be as fully recognised as a man of talent, as was compatible with his more showy vocation of a man of the world.

In the minor theatre, the "*Théâtre des Elèves*," managed by Lady Rachel Lawrance, the flash of wit,—the clash of argument,—the dash of hypothesis,—the lash of criticism,—the crash of theories,—the gash of satire,—produced a sort of perpetual melodrama, which afforded for a time a startling excitement.—By degrees, however, he grew weary of the froth and roar of the angry ocean, in whose storms he had taken delight,—"*Nul si grand jour qui ne vient à vespres*;"—and he began to be displeased that the stage should be perpetually occupied by the *comparses* of the *dramatis personæ*, and at finding her ladyship's word a law as regarded changes of scenery and decorations. Baron Buckhurst of Greyoke had no idea of being placed on a level with varnishers of canvas and stirrers of crucibles. If he deigned to enter the republic of letters, it must be as dictator.—He even expected the wits of the day to mix a little sugar and water with their alcohol, to accommodate its fiery particles to his enfeebled aristocratic palate.—He chose to have opinions set apart for him; shorn of their rugged coats, and stamped on the *flank* with his coronet.—Classics must be issued for his sole use, as for the dauphin of France,—classics "*ad usum delphini*."—

The alligator, however, thought fit to resist;—and long before the prorogation of parliament, Lord Buckhurst had decided, that if he formerly found it fatiguing to tame down his progress to the slow march of a herd of asses, it was far more so to keep up with the rattling pace of a pack of high-mettled racers, starting for the St. Leger or a steeple chase.

Nor was he in better conceit with the circles of fashion,—in



which the cackle of the parrot was substituted for the solemn hooting of the owl;—and he began to loathe the noisy, unmeaning, ungraceful pageant of London life, as we do an often-seen pantomime, with whose tricks we are familiar, and whose spangles and foils have become tarnished.—Leaving his proxy, therefore, with ministers, without hinting to friend or foe the object or destination of his journey, he took his departure for the Netherlands.—

Now if there be a spot on earth in striking contrast with the living, breathing movement and enterprise of London, it is Flanders:—that mouldering corpse of departed greatness, whereof Charles V. was the Prometheus; but which, having suffered its vital spark to evaporate, lies extended in its nook on the surface of Europe, like a body preserved from corruption in certain churchyards, by conversion into adipose matter. Colossal cities, decimated of their population,—ancient institutions, from which the waves of human life have receded,—exhibit on all sides a torpor of nature arising from a sluggish circulation of the blood, and unexcitable nervous system.—Lord Buckhurst had not spent four-and-twenty hours in the land, before he felt benighted; and began to listen for the striking of the clocks, and feel a sort of mildew overspreading his frame.—

“No wonder, poor child, she should have taken refuge in a cloister against the innutritious dreariness of such a clime!”—mused he.—“I remember once seeing a picture by Albert Durer of the Garden of Eden,—and such a picture!—I can understand now why Flanders is the most catholic of countries.—It is only by keeping their eyes steadily fixed on Heaven, that the Flemish are enabled to overlook the monotony of their earthly existence.”—

Meanwhile, as the time approached for the interview, he began to understand the arduousness of his undertaking, and feel overpowered by the idea of confronting a religious community. The quietude of such a spot,—the very rustle of its robes,—recurred to his recollection like an omen!—

In earlier years he had, of course, as became a young Englishman, of birth and fortune, scampered through his grand tour on quitting college. But being just then possessed by the devil of fox hunting, so as to have only from April till October at his disposal, he had made a two days' mouthful of Flanders; and all he knew of Béguines or Béguignages, was that (having thought right to verify on the spot the reminiscences of Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby, anent what the former calls “the young begging nuns,”) he had learnt from his Flemish *valet de place* that Beghynages were uncloistered convents, instituted by a certain Countess Joan of Constantinople, in the thirteenth century, in Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and Mechlin;—little walled communities, several streets in extent, subjected like other convents to a superioress and rigid rule of life; but without compulsory seclusion or irrevocability of vow.

He was then too much in haste to proceed to the Rhine, to take the trouble of visiting the peaceful citadel of one of these holy sisterhoods; the only feeling they excited in the mind of the fashionable tourist, being a regret that no such sage institution subsisted in England, for the safe disposal of spinsters of small fortune, who have converted Bath into a tabby colony for the kitting of scandal.

Now, however, that he had made up his mind to attempt an interview with one of these semi-cloistered maidens, that which had before appeared a modest retirement from the noisier pleasures of life, assumed an air of conventual severity.

He knew not how to approach so saintly a community. To *his* worldly mind, the humble Béguines seemed triply guarded round by a sanctity more appalling than all the state environing the precincts of the courts of kings.

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity," that Apollonia Hurst wore a charmed dignity in his eyes, like the lady in Comus.

Though educated in the convent of the Ursulines at Bruges, it was into the Great Beghynage of Ghent she had retreated,—unwilling to wound the feelings of the good sisters so dear to her, by entering before their eyes another religious community than their own.

Thither, therefore, did Lord Buckhurst betake himself, and the emotion of awe we have described laid an iron grasp upon his heart as he approached the quaint old city of Charles V. and the Artevelde;—which for *him* contained no monument of greater interest than the Beghynage which in *their* time passed for an antiquity.

A question or two addressed to the *valet de place* of the hotel where he set up his rest with the view of intimating his arrival to the fairest of Apol-blossoms, having sufficed to betray his curiosity on the subject of Beghynages, he was informed there was no better occasion of viewing the community than when assembled for evening service, to which strangers are admitted without reserve.

Though much relieved by finding himself able to reach the presence of the lady of his speculations without exciting impertinent surmises, it was a severe trial to rise from table for the purpose, with his dinner half digested. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour, he stepped into the carriage provided for him, and proceeded to the Beghynage.

The day had been showery; increasing the humid exhalations of the amphibious city, which broods like some aquatic bird over the channels of the four rivers at whose confluence it is moored. Mists were rising in all directions from the canals,—hanging upon the quaint old Flemish frontages of the quays, and imparting mystery to the opening vistas of those aquatic gangways. Here and there, a fisherman was lowering his net into the muddy stream as unconcernedly as though the barracks, hospitals, and



monasteries bathing their loathsome feet in its waters, were so many verdant avenues of alders. The whirring factories of the busy city were still,—the glow of its furnaces extinguished for the night; and all he heard was, from the Beghynage afar, the

—————"squilla di lontano  
Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore."

There was something mysterious and depressing in the mistiness of the scene;—where, among the passing multitudes, no single soul was cognizant of his name or race. Thanks, however, to the same inspiration which fostered the eloquence of his maiden speech,—(*i. e.* a bottle of excellent Neierstein with which he had armed his courage,—) Lord Buckhurst was in gay or rather in wanton spirits.

"The pretty girl of eighteen must have expanded into a lovely woman of three-and-twenty!"—mused he, by the road.—"I wonder whether I shall recognise her again, or she *me*?—Truth to say, we took pretty accurate measure of each other's personal merits. What hours I used to spend gazing into the depths of her hazel eyes, (sweet eyes the colour of tarnished silver, or rather the colour which no words can describe!) in order to fascinate her into an equally deliberate survey of my own!—After all, I see no cause to despair of bringing her to reason. She was unquestionably much attached to me; and though Lady Rachel maliciously contrived to send her out of my way, what *has* been, may be again. By this time she must be tired to death of her dungeon!—'Better a linnet in a bush, than an eagle in a cage,' quoth the proverb;—and poor Apolblossom will most likely be full of gratitude to any one who affords her sufficient excuse for setting the wires of *hers* at defiance!"—

As his lordship muttered these self-encouragements, he was passing through the pointed archway of a venerable gatehouse of brick-work, into an extensive area divided by streets and structures with high pointed gables, resembling the olden colleges of Cambridge, or alms-houses of our cathedral towns. Strips and patches of turf ornamented the central courts;—in the midst of which, predominant over the other buildings with which its aspect was strictly in accordance, stood the church;—the light streaming through the illuminated windows of which, and the pealing organ faintly heard within, afforded the sole interruption to the stillness and dimness of the scene.

For at that hour, not a soul was stirring in the Beghynage!—Not a light to be seen throughout the windows of either the convents or detached houses!—Not a sister moving in the deserted streets!—According to the rule of the order, all were assembled for evening prayer, in the old church into which Lord

Buckhurst now made his way,—nothing doubting that his first glance would detect in the assemblage—

“The one fair face by nature mark'd his own.”

But having penetrated the porch, he stood undeceived! Though the whole six hundred sisters of the Beghynage were before him, collected into a mass, not a face was visible!—All were on their knees;—the light of the lamps and tapers detaching the deathly whiteness of their stiff opaque wimples and veils, from the blackness of their gowns of serge. And as they knelt with their heads depressed, the white head-covering was drawn forward over their faces, so as to form a triangular and mystic hood, like the shadowy forms depicted in Rembrandt's picture of the angels descending the ladder, in Jacob's dream,—a sketch of which sublime conception may be admired in the Dulwich Gallery.

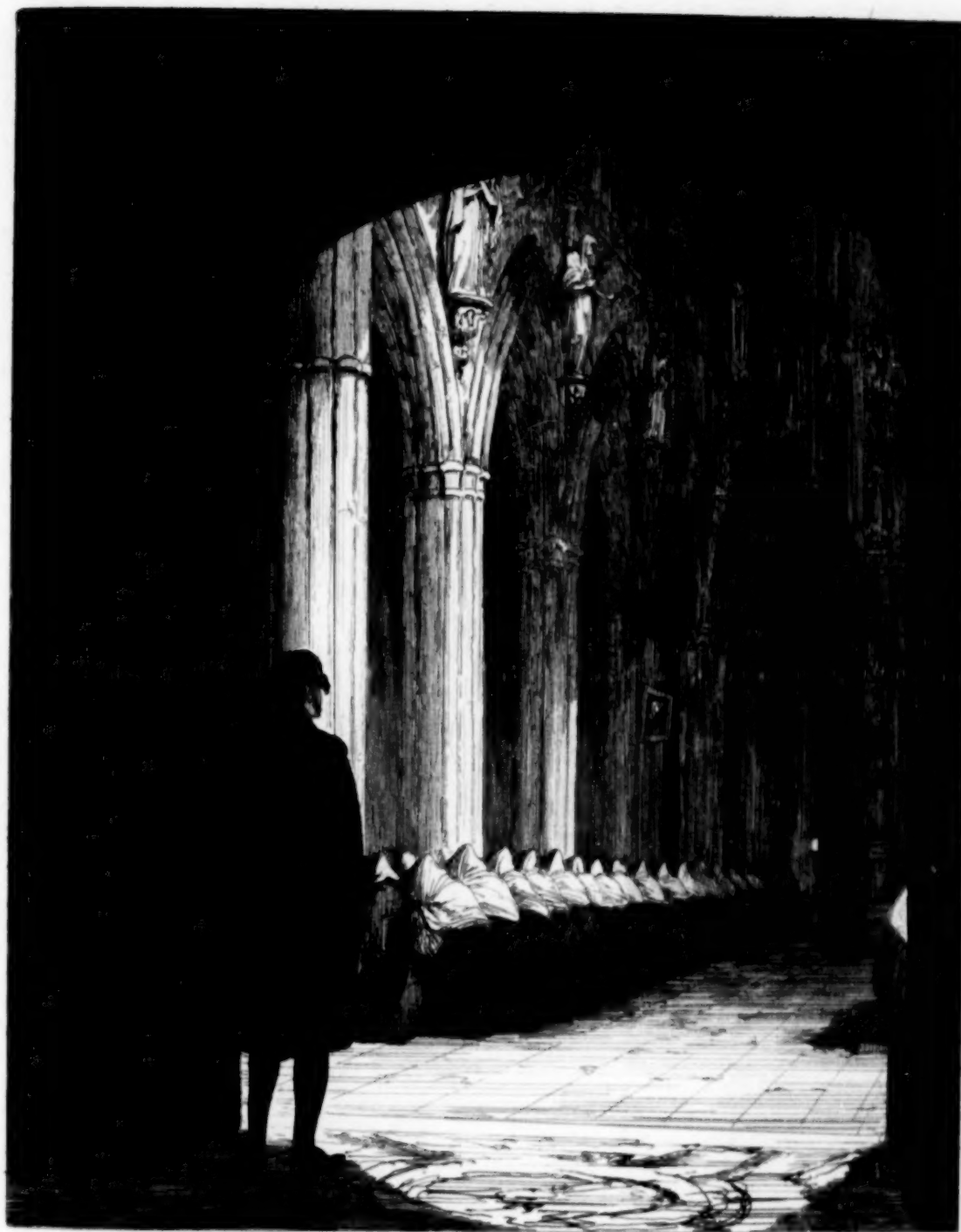
Six hundred human beings, praying as with a single soul, yet not a single human face apparent! How awful, how unearthly those sable figures with their cowed white heads, dimly visible by the light of glimmering lamps and tall tapers burning upon the altar; while in the organ-loft high above, in the centre of the church, the emanations of a still brighter light served to define in dark masses the persons of the Béguines officiating as choristers; their sweet voices supplying responses to the officiating priests, and emulating in their gentleness the voices of angels answering, in a higher sphere, the interrogation of a Being more august!—

Lord Buckhurst was so thoroughly panic-struck by the aspect of this cohort of kneeling headless beghyns, — from whose motionless trunks issued murmurs of prayer, amid clouds of incense mystic as the scent of the Volcameria, that, for a moment, he forgot the purport of his presence in the utter sickness of his soul; and was forced to lean for support against one of the columns of the church. Till then, he had not believed that the earth contained a spectacle capable of rousing him to emotion!

Having glanced along the line of sculptured saints obtruding, life-like, above the capitals of the columns, and extending their hands and the symbols of their faith as in benediction over the no less solemn assemblage prostrate below,—he suffered his eyes to follow the mass of kneeling figures vanishing in the distance into utter darkness; till, at the extremity below the organ-loft, a twinkling light suddenly started into life which slowly and steadily progressed towards him; exhibiting in its advance an aisle of motionless forms, on either side, each exactly resembling the other in form,—attitude,—immobility.

As the light slowly approached, he was unable to reason himself out of a feeling of awe at its ostensibly spontaneous movement. Even when, on reaching him, it proved to be merely a dark lantern borne by an aged begbyn, whose province it was to





*George Cruikshank*

The Béguines of Ghent.



enkindle the tapers at the various shrines, he could not divest himself of the breathless emotion by which he had been possessed.

By degrees, however, his senses accustomed themselves to the subdued light and peculiar atmosphere of the spot; and as a fine voluntary burst from the organ, pealing among the groined roofs of the church while the priest uplifted the Host and hundreds of closely swathed heads depressed themselves yet more humbly than before, Lord Buckhurst was moved by a strong conviction that the faith environed by so many soothing attributes,—so many touching illusions,—enhanced to the enervated senses by harmony and fragrance,—must exercise a doubly consolatory influence over the spirits of those holy women, who have retired from the world to renounce or repent its wilder enjoyments.

He could well understand the rapture with which the ears thus weaned from pleasurable words, must listen to those exalted and exalting strains. He could appreciate the ecstasy produced by those bewildering fumes, purporting to typify the emanations of a soul in grace uprising, in grateful tenderness, to the footstool of the Almighty!—

The electric chain of ideas which we call the soul, was touched within him, connecting him by unseen links with a more extended scale of animate and inanimate nature;—

“And he who came to scoff, remain'd to pray!”

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## THE PRESIDENT AND THE PHEASANT; OR, EVERY MAN HIS OWN THIEF.

A TALE OF OXFORD. BY LUNETTE.

“I SAY, Simmons, who stole the President's pheasant?” said Robert Augustus Short, bedmaker of St. Mary's College, Oxford, to the deputy under sub-cook's assistant of the same college.

“Oh, no 'un, o' eos,” was Simmons's reply. “No 'un.”

What an unfortunate fellow is that poor No-one, alias Nobody, says some philosophical moralist; he seems to have come in for everyone's faults and punishments, from the time when Ulysses poked out the Cyclop's eye—do but think what he has to set off against this misfortune. True it is, he has to bear many faults. Everyone, from Ulysses to the truant schoolboy, requires the aid of Nobody, as well as of Somebody. He, too, alone, comes into the world free from the primæval curse: *Nemo sive vitis nascitur*. Remember, too, how happy his life is—*Nemo contentus vivat*—the old wine-bibbing Falernian knew what life was. “Nobody,” sings he, “lives in contentment.” That he was a gourmand, we have equally good authority. Grave old Æschylus tells how like Nobody (they called him *oudeis* in those days, only



another alias) was to John Bull. When John heard all Monsieur had to say about Nong tong paw, he patted his belly, and murmured, "I should like to dine with Nong tong paw." Just so, our friend Nobody. If he heard a man had a new cook, forthwith he wanted to dine with him. We give the Greek below;\* it looks so learned, as the Black Brodder told Ahab Meldrum, (see Sam Slick, No. 3;) and as Nobody kindly presented him with his love—*Nemo præstat amorem*—doubtless, he did not miss his feed. "Excellent man was he," says some rejected author, whose MSS. are so well known that not even a printer's devil will read them. Excellent man! he reads my writings—*Nemo mea scripta legit*.

Stay, good panegyrist; you forget how wicked Nobody became, and how rapidly he fell into evil courses, free as he was from vice at his birth. Ah, how?—*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. Pooh, pooh, my friend; that only means, *it takes five years to make an attorney*.

But to return whence we started, as the congreve rocket said when they fired him wrong—"Who stole the President's pheasant?"

He himself; and thereby hangs a tail, as there did once to the pheasant.

"Well, but Berkeley, how did you get this pheasant?" asked John Montague of his friend, as he formed a third round a warm fire in Berkeley's rooms, in the third quad of St. Mary's, one raw evening in October.

"Why, you see, fineish day, nice warm sun, skiffed down to Bagley, wandered through the wood, saw long tail on a branch, happened to have air-gun, up gun, good aim, over went longtail into my pea-jacket pocket; wander back to skiff, drop down with stream—all right—have him up for supper at nine, with et ceteras. Come, Monson, pass the black draught."

"Didn't any one see you?" drawled Monson, as he passed the port.

"No, no; took good care of that—close shave—old Dionysius came upon me, not a minute after—never a bit the wiser—made a bow—offered to skiff him back—very polite, and parted."

"Well, we'll do the bird justice—I feel peckish—though it does want an hour to supper," replied Montague—"Eh, Monson?"

"Oh, ay," chorused Monson, rubbing his hands.

"Come in," shouted Berkeley, as a modest tap was heard at the door, and in slid the President's flunky, a pleasant, red-faced, smirking man in blue, and all blue.

"President's compliments—" said the bluelman, with a prodigious smirk.

"And wants to blow me up," murmured Berkeley.

"President's compliments, Mr. Berkeley, and is much obliged to you for the fine pheasant you left for him in the kitchen; and will be very glad if you will partake of it with him to-morrow at five precisely."

"Eh—oh—ah—yes—confound—much obliged—da—very well—pheasant—curse—dinner," muttered Berkeley, very open-mouthed; concluding his acceptance of the offer with a long string of excommunications in a short form. As soon as the messenger had closed the

\* *εὐσεβείας αὐτῷ οὐδεὶς ἠθέλει*.—Æschylus. Who also tells us that the Wizard of the North was Nobody. Ecce signum:—"οὐδεὶς πωποτέ τοιοῦτος μάγος ἴστι."

door, Berkeley's indignation at being so outwitted was in the very act of exploding, when another rap at the door introduced Simmons.

"Please, sir—" began the deputy's deputy, in a humble tone.

"Well, fool!" growled Berkeley.

"Please, sir, the President sent for the longtail, soon after he come back from his walk."

"Well."

"And please, Muster Tompkins wants to know what you'll have for supper."

"Nothing!" roared Berkeley, with a rush towards the door that sent Simmons down stairs at a railroad pace.

"To think," growled Berkeley, as he stamped about his room—"to think of being outwitted by that fool, old Dennis."

"Ay, and so cleverly too—asked you to dine off your own bird—how you'll enjoy it, Berkeley!" said Montague, with a smile.

"Enjoy it—I'll have a cold—the measles—the small-pox—anything—I'll not go—I swear—yes, that I do."

"I am fully aware that you swear, Berkeley," rejoined Monson; "and pretty lustily too; but swearing wont help the longtail or my supper."

"I swear I wont eat any supper until I see that longtail on my table cooked and carved. Wont you join, Montague?"

"Put in a clause, not this term—friendship wont carry me further," replied his friend. "What say you, Monson?"

"Say for a week, and I'll make one of the conspiracy."

"Well, well, as you like," said Berkeley; "but now to get the bird—first let us see where he hangs. Come, Montague, come and reconnoitre. Come along, do!"

"I'm coming, as the rheumatism said to the teetotaller."

"He is in the pantry, John," said Berkeley, as they crossed the small court into which his rooms looked, and approached a grated window by the side of a green door in the opposite wall, respectively the air-hole and entrance to the back way to the President's house through the stone passage and pantry.

"There he is, Charley," replied Montague, peering in at the window. "Caught a glimpse of his appendage—that's him—*respice finem*—look at his tail."

Satisfied with their reconnoitre, the two friends returned to their council-chamber; and, after a good many pro's and cons, decided on the plot for the recovery of the bird. Dr. Dionysius Tardy, alias Slow Dennis, was by no means a fool, as his recapture of Berkeley's pheasant shewed; but he had his peculiarity—he hated to hurry matters. "Wait a day or two," he would say; "perhaps to-morrow will do better." He believed in the power of delay. It had once saved his life—he had been challenged—his antagonist wanted to fight directly. "Stay," said Dennis, "perhaps to-morrow will do better." That night, his murderous friend got very drunk, rode homewards on a tricky horse, and was found in a ditch on the morrow, not the better for a dislocation of the vertebræ of the neck. His wife was frightened with her first offspring—curious coincidence, they are seldom frightened with any but the first—and, in consequence, Miss Tardy arrived at the seventh month.

"Pity it wasn't a boy, Dennis," said an old friend.



"Yes," replied Dennis; "never knew any good come of being in a hurry; perhaps if she had waited, it might have been a boy."

It was midnight—the college clock chimed twelve; and Dennis, closing a heavy folio, prepared to retire to his solitary couch—for Mrs. D. T. was with her mother in Wales—no one was alive in the house but Dennis. "Better wait a little," he murmured, as he wrapped his dressing-gown round him, wheeled his arm-chair to the fire, and, placing a slippered foot on each hob, began teasing the fire with the small poker.

Rat-tat, rat-tat, went the knocker on the garden door.

Dennis rose—down he sat—"better wait a little," said he.

Rat-tat-rata-tat-tat, went the knocker.

Dennis rose, and candle in hand, descended the stairs, crossed the servant's hall, along the stone passage to the door.

"Who's there?" said Dennis. No answer was returned; so, after a short delay, Dennis opened the door, and found nothing. He returned to his room, and once more teased the fire.

Again the knocker began to make a noise.

"Hum," muttered Dennis—"some of those foolish boys—better in bed—hum—go down, wont catch them—go to the porter, and set him to watch."

With this determination, Dennis once more descended, candle in hand—for the night was pitch dark, and the college lights were gone to bed—he opened the door, and, of course, as he expected, found nothing. Drawing it to gently, so as not to close it quite—for he had not got his pass key—the Doctor proceeded across the small court to the archway that led into the outer quadrangle, where the porter lodged; he had hardly entered the passage, before his candle was knocked over, and a voice shouted—"Here's the thief!—after him, Montague!"

Away went the Doctor, all legs and wings, out of the passage, across the great quad, through the bishop's arch, round the inner quad, under the colonnade, round this pillar, by that, back again through the arch, over the great quad, through the kitchen passage towards his own back door. Close at his heels came Montague, always near, but never close, calling out, "Stop thief! stop thief!" at the top of his voice. Many a night-capped head looked out of window; and even the porter thought of getting up.

At length the archway to the third quad was gained by the panting Doctor, and home was in sight.

"I see him!" shouted a voice from above. "I'll teach you to rob, you rascal—take that!"

Down came a bucket full of water on the poor Doctor, who, drenched to the skin, rushed, half blinded, across the court, and flew into his passage, closing the door with a hearty bang.

"Have you got him, Charley?" asked Montague, in a low tone. "Ay, ay, slipt in, and unhooked the beauty in a jiffy."

"Now, then, for the second act—Monson, I shall want you," replied Montague, as his friend came down the stairs, and walked with him to the garden door.

Bang, bang, went the knocker, and ring, ting, the bell, most furiously; up came the aroused porter at last, and also the senior tutor.

"What's the matter, Mr. Montague?" said the tutor.

"A thief, sir, just leapt the garden wall," replied John, still knocking.



At last the door was opened : first appeared Dennis, very cold from the water, and not slightly cross ; then the bluman, in very questionable skin covers ; and lastly the females of the household in white array and white faces.

"What's the matter?" asked Dennis.

"A thief!" exclaimed Montague, the porter, and the tutor, *unà voce*.

"Where?" asked the Doctor, with a slight shiver—the night was cold, and so was the water.

"Saw a fellow come out of this door with a light, run after him round the quads, under the colonnade, back again through the buttery archway, and, just as I was laying hands on him, he bounced in here—he got a rare ducking first from Berkeley, who saw him coming."

"In here?" muttered the Doctor—"good ducking—hah! hah!—very good;" he tried to laugh, but his wet clothes would not let him.

"In here?" whispered the bluman, looking behind him.

"In here?" shrieked the females of the household—"we shall all be murdered!—Oh—oh—oh!"

"Shall we search the house, Mr. President?" asked Montague, "I should like to pay the fellow out for the dance he led me."

"No—no, I thank you, Mr. Montague ; doubtless, he ran through the kitchen into the garden, and by this time is over the walls—better wait till to-morrow. Most likely he's got nothing."

"Oh, but he had, sir—it was some bird or other—it looked like a pheasant, Mr. President," replied Montague, most seriously.

"Eh—eh," muttered the Doctor—"he'd better have waited till it was drest."

"Please, sir, the pheasant is gone," said the bluman, with a queer look, half smile, half squint.

"Well—well, can't be helped—thank you, gentlemen—good night—we must bear the loss—better wait till to-morrow," replied Doctor Tardy, as he closed the green door, and retired to his bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tompkins," said Berkeley, about noon on the following day, as he entered the sanctum of the chef de cuisine of St. Mary's College.

"Yes, Mr. Berkeley," replied Tompkins, saluting military fashion.

"Let me have this pheasant for supper to-night, with a dish of scoloped oysters—at nine, as usual."

"Certainly, Mr. Berkeley," replied the chef, laying the bird down on the counter.

"Well," ejaculated Simmons, as he saw Berkeley well out of the culinary precincts—"I never—no, I never see'd sich a likeness afore."

"Likeness, Simmons?" said his superior.

"Ay, likeness, Muster T., 'atween that there bird as was prigged by the Doctor, and that there 'un as Muster Barklye has now a brought in to be drest."

"Pooh, pooh, Simmons—merely a family likeness."

"May be, may be—there's a pair on 'em, as the devil facetiously observed to his thumbs—family likeness—well, I never—I vonder who stole the Doctor's longtail?—eh, Muster Tompkins?"

## TO ———.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THEY tell me thou art changed, indeed—thou that wert once so fair;  
 They say untimely streaks of white are mingling with thine hair;  
 Mine own hath lost its golden glow, yet both are in their prime—  
 Oh! surely Thought and Care have power to do the work of Time.

They say that those deep azure eyes, shorn of their lustrous might,  
 Shed ever on the thankless earth their sad and failing light;  
 And mine, while dimly thus is traced the record of past years,  
 See the vain vows almost effaced by their own burning tears.

They say thy smile but rarely comes, or cometh but to pain,  
 So mournfully the sadness steals back to thy lip again;  
 And I have learn'd through bitter years to hide with careless brow,  
 The passion and the agony that never rest below.

Ours is a tale too often told—a fate too widely known—  
 A weary tale of broken hearts, fond dreams, and hopes o'erthrown;  
 A fate which given by selfish men hath been so drear a doom.  
 We, in the grave, where we shall meet, shall find no deeper gloom.

Poor hearts! so loving, yet so weak—we had not strength to say,  
 "Ours is the wealth of perfect love—we give it not away;"  
 For refuge from the angry storm, we paid a fearful price,  
 Pouring a whole life's happiness on one vain sacrifice!

Now, gaining power from our despair, prouder in our regret,  
 Truly we keep our earliest vows—we change not, nor forget;  
 But marvel much that such a love—so deathless in its truth—  
 Strengthen'd not in that trying hour the timid vows of youth!

Alas! unconscious of the depth of feelings scarcely known,  
 Shrinking before the bitter scorn by worldly natures shewn—  
 Assail'd alike by friends and foes—by prayers—by threats—by tears!  
 Our unforeseeing duty gave the treasured hope of years!

Then came that second sacrifice, which held us to our fate,  
 Which made *thee* lonely—*me* a slave—widow'd in wedded state;  
 Then the long after-life of woe—this long, long, weary life—  
 I need not tell *thee* of its care, its pain, its hidden strife.

Its outward calm, its inward storms, its sorrow, and its crime,  
 Its quenchless passions, burning still—nay, gathering strength from time;  
 Its idle hopes, its guilty dreams, its yearnings towards the past,  
 Oh! this consuming agony *must* bring us rest at last.

Well, but they tell me thou art changed—'tis this that I would say;  
 And I—I would not see the night that follows such a day;  
 Thou! once so bright—so beautiful, I would not see thee *now*,  
 With all thy griefs, and all thy wrongs, so plain upon thy brow.

No! let us never meet again—this—*this* my only prayer  
 Would it not add a pang to each, to see what each must bear?  
 Come not to rob me of the all that cheers my path of gloom—  
 The Memory of what *thou* wert in Youth's unblemish'd bloom.



## THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN  
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

"Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favour'd faults,  
Looks handsome in three thousand pounds a-year."

SHAKSPERE.

"I own I cannot felicitate anybody that marries for love."—HORACE WALPOLE.

PETER BECKFORD wrote a large book upon Fox-hunting—poor Nimrod wrote treatises without end on Sporting—we have periodicals devoted to the cause of the horse and the hound—the chase of the stag, the fox, and the hare, but never a word, that we are aware of, on Fortune-hunting. Fortune-hunting!—that dear delightful will-o'-the-wisp pursuit!—that pleasantest of all pleasant delusions!—that most exciting of all exhilarating, soul-stirring, heart-bursting recreations!—that brilliant and irresistible torch at which so many gay moths and butterflies flicker, flutter, and burn their wings—never has Fortune-hunting been treated of as it ought.

Whether it is that the parties are unwilling to renew their disappointments, or whether the success of the successful makes them indifferent for after concerns, or whether the chase is so precarious, capricious, and uncertain, as to defy all rules and regulations, or whatever may be the cause for the silence we know not, but in these days of universal inkshed, it does seem somewhat surprising that no one should have attempted to bring a subject so popular, so comprehensive, and so widely alluring, down to something like rules. Not only does it embrace the schemes and subtlety of the hunter, but the wiles, the wariness, the watchfulness of the hunted.

The same hand that trimmed the hook, spread the net, and set the snare, can tell how near the victim took the bait, entered the meshes, or grazed the noose. Better far than the fox-hunter can he tell to what point he ran with a breast-high scent, when the ardour began to slacken, and how the game was ultimately lost. Lord! a good run, beginning with the acquaintance of the parties, the manœuvrings of a mother, the innocence of the father, the calculations of the gentleman, the deductions of the lady, the eggings-on of the aunt, the interrogatories of "the friend," the cross-purposings of both—above all, the plaudits of the lookers-on,—and then the cold blowings when the engagement is announced, with the eagerness with which former promoters assist the "break-off," would furnish a whole Encyclopædia of instruction for the young, and entertainment for our popular friend—the Million!

It certainly is an extraordinary attribute of women-kind, that some have quite as much pleasure in breaking-off a match as they have in promoting one—nay, more; we verily believe they like it better, and promote many hopeless ones for the sake of enjoying the mortifications, bewailings, and complainings of the parties. To be sure, there may be something favourable in the position; for a man just well

*scarified*, is much easier caught than a heart-whole one—just as a hare with a broken leg is easier taken than one without. The confidante has then a good chance; *she* it is who can pour the balm of consolation into his wounded spirit, hinting that her friend was not “good enough,”—that all things considered, he is well out of the mess—has had a lucky escape, and that he’ll find plenty of women ready to jump at such a chance! Can a man be so ungallant as not test the confidante’s sincerity by asking her to be that happy soother? Certainly not, especially *if she has as much tin as t’other*.

From this last sentence it will be inferred that we are not going to write a sighing, lackadaisical, marry-for-love-i-cal treatise. Certainly not; indeed, our title and mottoes would acquit us of so foul an aspersion. We will be very honest on that point—much honestier than the ladies who are oftentimes quite as mercenary, without our candour. Of course, there are some bright exceptions, dear delightful little darlings, who think of nothing but the man himself; but then, ’od-rot it!—*they seldom have anything!* We don’t blame any little dear for feeling happier with a man that can keep her four, than she would with another who could only keep her a pair of horses; but all we mean to say is, that upon the “balance,” as the betting men say, women are quite as mercenary as men. They mayn’t care for money—merely as money—golden sovereigns, and so on, but they think quite as much of the enjoyments to be procured with money—the diamonds, the opera-boxes, the barouche, the dash, the dinner-parties, the dance, and the devil knows what! Nay, more; for most men—*real* men, we mean, in contradistinction to boys—marry for *quiet*; whereas nine girls out of ten marry for the sake of being their own mistresses, and beginning to *racket*.

And upon our life, now that we have got the pen in our hand, we may add our belief that the less a girl brings, the more she thinks herself entitled to spend—upon the principle, most likely, of long previous privation.

Our uncle Solomon Skinflint, of Aldermanbury—a man whose name will be held in reverential esteem so long as money is adored, and the Monument on Fish-street Hill,

“Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies”—\*

our uncle Solomon Skinflint, we say—a man of infinite prudence and frugality, albeit of the Goldsmith’s Company, always said to us—“Whatever you do, Jack, marry an heiress; they are just as easy caught as other girls, and not *half so extravagant*.” But, Lord bless us! how is a man to be able to judge, unless he has a fortune of his own to catch one with. Our uncle had no receipt for heiress-catching—at least if he had, it was not left among his papers; still, that was the opinion of a man who knew “what was what,” for he elbowed his way through life for eighty-two years, and left a hundred thousand behind him! Glorious man! It shews we have a real veneration for money, for though we didn’t get a “stiver” of it, we still feel a sort of honour reflected on ourself, as being the nephew of a man who was “Proctored,” and “Doctors’ Commoned,” to the melody of *one hundred thousand pounds!* There’s music in the sound of it! But we digress—fortune-hunting is our theme. We look upon “fortune-

\* Which it has now ceased to do.—Ed.



hunting" as quite as much a "science" as any of those that are taught in the schools—nay, more so; for many a proficient in mathematics and classics would cut but a sorry figure cramming a pupil for its pursuit. The main qualifications are, plenty of impudence, and a knowledge of human nature—a knowledge generally widely apart from scholastic attainments. Moreover, it's a peculiar branch of human nature, for every woman, as somebody has said, is a separate enigma; and we question whether Solomon Skinflint, with all his worldly experience and knowledge of the usury laws, could have made a successful venture among the girls. Between ourselves we think Jonathan couldn't, and that was the reason he preferred talking to trying. But let us get on with our subject—"fortune-hunting." Fortune-hunting! What a charming name it is; but oh, how many hearts will respond to the truism of the difficulty of achieving an heiress! Men that started in the pursuit with the fullest confidence in the invincibility of moustache, and big calves—dreadful sight to see such "nice young men" supplanted by lank-haired, weazel-eyed, mangy-looking mongrels, who happen to have been born first, or whose long purses make up for the deficiency of their persons! Odious cubs! How we hate all rich men!—all at least, except our uncle aforesaid; and we might as well hate him for any good we shall get of him. But, confound it! there we are digressing again!

In fortune-hunting the order of nature is reversed, and the male sex stands most in need of our council and consideration. To them, then, we purpose offering the first fruits of our observation, without interfering further with the fair sex at present than as they are necessarily interwoven with the web of our subject. When we have steered the youthful bark through the shoals and quicksands of fortune-hunting life, we may, perhaps, devote a few pages to the service of the gentler craft, not that we think they stand much in need of anything of the sort, for, to tell the truth, we never saw a monied woman yet that did not know uncommonly well how to take care of herself. And here we may explain that by "monied woman" we mean the woman with money in her own right—in absolute possession—"seized in fee," as the lawyers say—at once the noblest, the finest, most inspiring game of all. By heavens! we fancy we see the majestic creature!—the buxom widow of yesterday!—childless, and well-jointured! She moves like the antlered monarch of the forest! Her eye beams radiant! There is a soft confidence in her look; and her footman and fat carriage-horses seem as if they lived for no other purpose than eating. Widows, without doubt, are the noblest and the wildest game, but, like the coursed hare, they are the most difficult to catch. They know what they are after; and perhaps former disappointments make them more cautious now. Boys, however, must not enter for widows; and the hackneyed man of the world knows how to go about his work quite as well as we can direct him. No; our instruction is for youth. Delightful task! to teach the young idea to fortune-hunt! We take it, there is not one of our usual abominable overgrown English families without some member of it, too good-looking to work, who must therefore go into the army and marry an heiress. The capture of an heiress is a sort of tacit condition annexed to the purchase of a commission. "A tall, good-looking young fellow that can marry anybody he likes!" says an indiscreet friend in

his hearing; and forthwith our hero makes up his mind that he has nothing to do but "propose." Luckless youth! did he but know the horror all steady-going drab-gaitered papas have of tall young subs, he would use less Macassar and practise less before the glass.

We believe we may say there is not one rich father in a thousand, sufficiently reasonable in his expectations to allow of his daughters marrying in his life-time, we will not, therefore, consider the bearings of so unusual a case. If we could fancy such a thing, as an affluent father complaisant enough to take his departure to the other world before his daughters got musty, we would say they were the grandest chance for a nice young man; but such things seldom are. We had almost forgotten to say—what perhaps is necessary to tell youth, though quite superfluous for age—that *real* fortunes—Solomon Skinflint sort of fortunes—are only to be found among merchants and City people, three per cent. to the day men, government security; four per cent. on parchment; ten per cent. on paper. Land is well enough to look at, but it doesn't "cut up" half so comfortable or convenient as money; besides which, your great landowners get absurd notions of their importance; and if they have not eldest sons to whom the land all goes, they think nothing under coronets will do for the girls. Landowners are very difficult to deal with, and look as much at a pound as a merchant does at a hundred—Solomon Skinflint excepted.

As we have undertaken to pilot youth in this all-dangerous, but exciting and popular pursuit, we perhaps had best begin with the *coverts*, or likeliest places for finding his game; then, Mrs. Glass-like, let him catch, or try to catch, his dear, for, like Grantley Berkeley's stag-hoppleing match, it's easier attempted than done.

First, of the *coverts*:—These, like the fox-hunters, may be divided into natural and artificial: the natural *coverts* are the home-houses, where a man is known and valued (for what he has, of course); the artificial ones, are your Brightons, Leamingtons, Cheltenham, Hastings, the whole squad of bathing-places, and spas. The home-*coverts* certainly are the safest, but yet the most difficult to draw. We hardly know, if we were carrying the war into one of these almost impracticable fortresses, whether we would prefer having both father and mother on guard, or only a father, or only a mother. Let us see: a father and mother place delightful reality a good way in the distance; few old gentlemen put off their shoes before they are quite done with them themselves. And here, let us caution nice young men against the absurd stories constantly afloat about disinterested papas giving up three-fourths of their income for the purpose of making an amiable and beloved daughter happy by marrying her to one of our nice, penniless pupils. There is no such reality in life! Indeed, it looks almost absurd refuting such stories, were it not that they are in constant circulation, and doubtless gain credence from some—that "some" most likely being "some" of our nice young men, whose wish being father to the thought, makes them live in hopes of similar luck. Reader, if you are one of this class, we will tell you a secret—*You never see one of these matches come off!*

Hark back to the "old uns." Question proposed: Whether it is better to have to deal with a father and mother, or only a father, or only a mother?

"'Pon honour!" it's a difficult point. We really think, as old



women go, we would rather encounter a girl with a father alone. But then, 'od-rot it! he may marry again and destroy all our calculations.

Let us try the old girl by herself. She is safe from that sin, at all events; if she does marry again, she can't do us much harm; but, confound them! they've no sense of decency, and will throw a "nice young man" over at the last moment just as soon as the first.

In these days of universal promotion and prize-giving, we really think it would be worth offering a premium for the most impudent style of examining a nice young man as to his means—male or female, which could do it coolest.

Talk of sweating a jockey or a sovereign! We know of no process equal to that of sweating a nice young man!

What a shock "love's young dream" sustains, the first good *£. s. d.* overhauling it gets! How the blissful bowers, the perfumed walks consecrated by love's impassioned lips—the long vista of cloudless, sunbright days, vanish before old Plutus' touch—the fatal inquiry—"What have you got?—and what will you do?" dispels them all.

It is an awful question! It is like the bill after a white-bait dinner. "What have you got?—and what will you do?" Horrid inquiries! We reckon the author of "Cecil" the cleverest man at gold-beating an idea we know of; and we recommend a course of six volumes or nine, with that sentence for a thesis. Fancy a penniless nice young man, *tête-à-têteing* it with an old, drab-gaitered papa, just opening with that ominous inquiry. We only know one situation to compare to it—sitting down in friend Nasmyth's easy-chair to get one's eye-teeth taken out.

Upon the whole, we think we would rather undergo an overhauling by an old papa, were it not for the objection already mentioned of the possibility of a second marriage. Against that contingency, no calculations can be made; for—oh, nice young men! we blush to write it—there are lasses that would marry old Nick! Nothing but a *wooden surtout* makes you safe against that. However, putting that consideration aside, we adhere to the opinion already expressed—that we would rather be overhauled by a loyal father, than a mother. In the first place, they generally do it in a more business-like way; and not having the feminine passion for parading a triumph, can afford to take you up short at the first check, and so save you and themselves an infinity of trouble. The old women, lord love them! have no feeling of that sort. Their first object is to secure admiration for their daughters, conscious that admiration is the best way of producing competition. This is a feeling we all understand; it is the same with bipeds as quadrupeds. A dealer always has another "gen'lman" waiting "to take the oss if you don't."

Old sportsmen, we read, used to enter their fox-hounds at hares, martin-casts, badgers—all sorts of vermin, in fact—and then steady them off, by dint of rating and whip-cord, to the animal they were destined to hunt. Some old women pursue a similar course with their daughters, and run them at anything that comes in the way—foot-soldiers, curates, sucking lawyers—*detrimentals*, as they call them, of all sorts—just for the gratification of the personal vanity of seeing them admired, and in hopes of starting better game in the chase—as farmers run hares with their trencher-fed hounds, in hopes of starting a fox. Women like to make a show of a man, to parade him, as they call it,

—to assist their daughters in stringing together offers, just as idle boys string bird's eggs, with the exception that the lady's "biggest egg" is generally the last on the string. *The egg, in fact.*

Men and women argue differently on the point of offers. We have heard many "nice young men" exclaiming against the injury arising to girls from indiscriminate flirtations; but as offers cannot well be had without flirtations of some sort, and as offers are considered the criterion of merit—the victim's brush, in fact—we may infer that, like charitable donations, "the smallest offer is thankfully received." Nay, we believe we may go further, and say among ladies, letting a man escape without bringing him to "book," is very like losing a fox after digging him out. Their principle is—either to bag him, or account for him. Now, from this species of coquetry, old papas are free; they are generally of the same opinion as the nice young men, and think a girl none the better for handling: papa's object is to get an eligible offer, with as little trouble as possible. They must therefore necessarily be on the look out, and where such an anomaly in the country turns up, as an unappraised unappropriated follower, the sooner they bring him to book, with "What have you got?—and what will you do?" the sooner they get rid of his troublesome company, or close the bargain. We don't know a greater bore, than to have a fellow constantly hanging about one's house "spooning," as they call it, on the girls.

Mammas, however, think otherwise, and go on quite a different tack. To them (if they have nothing better in view) all nice young men are equally dear; *they* don't want money! Bless you, they'd rather have a man without! To be sure, there is generally a little mental reservation contained in a muttering something about competence, with not unfrequently a playful, point-blank inquiry, "What have you got?" but in no one instance, within the range of our experience do we know of an old lady closing a negotiation on the discovery of a deficiency of what tradespeople call "assets." They know better what to do with a man—how to *use* him in fact. They "hold him on," as a huntsman does his hounds with a weak scent; there is none of the "you won't do" style about them; for let the youth have nothing but his many virtues to settle, they always profess, as far as *they* are concerned, to be *perfectly* satisfied. But in those cases, their daughters are generally too young to marry just then. Let the nice young man wait a little, till Jemima knows her own mind—that is, till Jemima starts something better, or runs somebody in hand down with our friend, when they turn him over on his back, as coolly as a fisherman turns a trout. Some Englishmen, especially those with high-stool, mercantile minds, (which by the way are generally the best specs,) are oftentimes uncommonly slow at coming "to book," and monstrous anxious times the old women have with them. These men do everything by rule. When the funds are at ninety-three and a-half—when the Great Western shares are rising, or Spanish Bonds quotable, they begin to think of making love, and the quicksilver of their ardour keeps rising and falling according to the vagaries of their stock. They are dry, hard, matter-of-fact sort of men—men that would just as soon marry by sample as see the whole piece, provided a substantial broker would pass his word for its equality; but they are what bankers and old women call, MONSTROUS RESPECTABLE.



There's where old women use a "nice young man" to advantage—we mean, to their own advantage. The golden age then returns: money is a disqualification—affection and competence is all they seek, and under the pleasing delusion of being the preferred object, our "nice young man" is hurried into an offer, which acts like an extinguisher on a candle, by putting him out. John Plutus then walks in.

We know an old girl in the suburbs who kept "the spare bed" aired a whole winter, by a couple of suitors of this sort. First, came John Plutus—John was slow, calculating, dense, backward in coming,—funds were down in fact—no offer. He came and left, and came and left, and came and left, again, and again, and again,—they tried him in all shapes and ways, and with all sorts of dresses, but they never could get him into anything beyond brother and sistering. In this emergency the "nice young man" was called in. *At it* he went, like a house on fire—such kissing!—such squeezing!—such love in a cottage-ing!—such determined indifference for everything but their own two elegant selves! The old woman was all smiles and benevolence. *She* didn't wish for money!—not she! She never liked John Plutus after she heard he was so rich. "Tim Dapper was the man!" and Tim thought so too. In due course he came with a most flattering proposal, unadulterated ardour, and adoration *in presenti*—and concentrated essence of affection *in futuro*; but, devil a word about *tin*. The old girl smirked, and smiled, and stuck out her bustle, declared she was most flatteringly overjoyed—*competence* was *all* she sought, and she could not wish Matilda greater happiness than wedding into the Dapper family, who she made no doubt were *highly* respectable. Tim thought he'd "lit on his legs," and forthwith ordered a new blue coat with a Genoa velvet collar, and bright buttons, and unmentionables to match; but lo and behold! when he came to exhibit himself in them, he found John Plutus had the bed.

Now John had been standing on three events, as they say on the turf: first, that the funds would rise to ninety-two ex-dividend; secondly, that Berbice coffee would average seventy-five shillings a cask; and thirdly, that the Dey of Algiers would win the Derby. Now the first two events had taken place, and John's quicksilver, or *slow-silver*, had risen proportionately, when he received an anonymous twopenny, (for we needn't say the "Dey's year" was before the penny-postage was contrived,) saying that Miss Matilda Dodger was about to marry Mr. Timothy Dapper, an *exceedingly* "nice young man."

Now John, though he wasn't a sharp chap, still had a something about his carrotty head that did the work of an idea; and he recollected having seen a portmanteau in the passage, addressed to "Timothy Dapper, Esq., High-street, Islington," the last time he "was down," and though no great believer in witchcraft and anonymous letters, he thought there might be "something in it." Well, John bored and blundered, and considering the unaccommodating tenets of our ecclesiastical law, which prevents a man taking a woman off another's hands, as one would a horse at Tattersall's, by a mere transfer in the books, John saw, if he didn't get Tilley then, he couldn't get her after; and having passed a resolution to that effect in his own mind, he next determined that it wouldn't do to lose his chance; so at last he came to the resolution, that though he was not exactly in the situation he had prescribed to himself, for purchasing Miss Matilda Dodger's affec-

tions, yet as two of the events had come off satisfactorily, and by applying to Crockey, or that prepossessing-looking old gentleman, the late Sir James Bland, as the Court Guide dubbed him, he could hedge the other, he thought he might (under present circumstances) be excused so irregular, untradesman-like a transaction as "not making love exactly by book." Accordingly, he took sixpenn'orth of "buss," and was very soon down at Peckham Rise. Mrs. Dodger was overjoyed at seeing him, for she saw the physic was beginning to work. Well, she was sure he'd be glad to hear that Tilley was going to be married to Mr. Timothy Dapper, an *exceedingly* "nice young man"—a young man quite after her own heart,—as all young men are in old women's eyes.

Well, John stared and gaped, and hemmed and hawed, and scratched his head, and blundered, and at last blurted out something about "having hoped to have had Miss Matilda himself;" and the old girl having got him so far, and knowing he was not a man of much blandishment, took up the running herself, and very soon squeezed a most unexceptionable offer out of him,—a hundred a-year, paid quarterly for clothes—a superb  $6\frac{1}{2}$  octave rosewood grand cabinet pianoforte, with string plate and self-adjusting action—a pair of strawberry roans, and a milk-white palfrey for the park! A much better offer, in fact, than she'd have got if John had been allowed his own time, and Tim hadn't been there. To be sure, John had a look at Tilley, and we needn't say she hadn't her worst gown on; indeed, if the truth be told, it was her best, with lace cuffs, and a precious fine three-guinea collar into the bargain. Well, John entered it all in his book as a bargain, leaving the old girl to settle the matter with her daughter as she liked; and before Tim had got himself well into his blues, John had taken possession of the bed, which is just the point we threw up at.

Tim arrived, wanted the bed, and John had it.

Tim was shewn into the usual love-making room, where sat John Plutus alone on the sofa, though a critical eye might have detected a certain something like a swelling seat-mark rising up beside him. Be that as it may, the hare had left her form—no Tilley.

Each looked at t'other, as much as to say, "*I pity you*," and Timothy took a chair, and cocked up the toe of his nice shiny leather green-legged boot, as if he was looking to see that it was all ready for *kicking*. John presently creaked away in his great double-soles, and then Mrs. Dodger came, and took Timothy Dapper through hands.

Having smoothed down her apron, and given two or three preparatory hems, she said, "She trusted she need not assure Tim what unmitigated pleasure his society had afforded Miss Matilda and her. She might safely say, that no young man had ever bored such a hole in her daughter's heart as he had—a regular Thames Tunnel—and she looked forward with the greatest pleasure to the union of the Dodger and Dapper families; that union she trusted would involve the production of a score or two of little Dappers, and, to make a long story short, she wanted to know, '*What he had got, and what he would do?*'"

Tim stared with astonishment; for ever since he had made Miss Matilda's acquaintance at a ball at the Horns, at Kennington Common, he conceived he was taken up by an heiress, solely for his looks and accomplishments—hair-curling, dancing, flute-playing, poetry-repeating, eye-languishing propensities, and now to be thrown on his back—



new blue and all, with "What have you got, and what will you do?" was more than his philosophy reckoned upon.

Our readers, we dare say, will anticipate the result. Tim talked about "competence," and that Miss Matilda had it. Mrs. Dodger retorted that competence meant a carriage; competence, carriage—carriage, competence; just as poor old Mathews used to reiterate the Oxford joke of "pint of wine, and candle"—"candle, and pint of wine."\*

In vain Tim talked of his unimpeachable character—his passionate adoration; vowed the strongest chain-cable vows that ever were riveted; called upon Venus, Juno, all the softer matrimonial sisters to witness the truth of his assertions; but old Mother Dodger was a true line-hunting old woman; she let Tim have his fling, but always brought him back to the old point, "What have you got?—and what will you do?"

Our readers, we dare say, can again anticipate the answer—"Nil"—"No effects."

In vain Tim urged that the flame of his love was unquenchable—that his mother never would forgive him. Mrs. Dodger didn't care a "dump" if she didn't. At last, heart-broken, distracted, and reckless, Tim took his departure, "bags and all," and shortly after married the barmaid of the Peacock, at Islington.

Poor Tim! we knew him well; he was a rising man among the genteel young people in Swan and Edgar's large establishment; and but for the unfortunate *rencontre* at the ball at the Horns, at Kennington Common, with Tilley Dodger's (now Tilley Plutus') dark eyes, might have been a great gun in the hosiery line. As it was, he threw away his chance, turned sot and sloven, and has never been good for anything since. Had he but said, "better luck next time," and tried his hand again, there is no saying how past experience might have profited him.

A man's never regularly *done* till he's married. So said our uncle, Solomon Skinflint. But Tim's wrongs have led us wide of our subject—a consideration, "whether it is better to have to deal with 'Pa' or with 'Ma?'"

Oh, we decidedly "opinionate," as the Americans say, that papas are better to deal with than mammas. A man has no chance with an old woman; they lie, they shuffle, they juggle, they stick at nothing to carry their points. We laugh at the French for their manner of conducting matrimonial matters, by the mutual arrangement of parents; but we really think it is infinitely better than the English, and must save the recording angel in Heaven's high chancery, that old Sterne talks about, an infinite deal of ink and trouble in registering all the lies that are told on such occasions. Now in England we do exactly the same thing as the French, with the hypocritical appearance of free

\* Mathews being at the Angel, called for a pint of wine—a most uncollegiate order—as the waiter denoted, by accompanying it with a single candle. Mathews made some observation, about the stinginess of it, to which the knight of the napkin replied, "Pint of wine, sir, and a candle—candle, and a pint of wine, sir." Thereupon, Mathews ordered pen, ink, and paper, and wrote to as many Oxonians as he could think of, inviting them to wine with him, ordering a pint of wine for each as he arrived, insisting upon its being accompanied by a candle. "Pint of wine, and a candle—candle, and a pint of wine," said he, till the disconcerted waiter had placed all the candles in the house on Mathews's table.

choice. We all know, that with the exception of the daughters of labourers, and those who live by the sweat of their brow, all girls, at least all girls worth catching, are regularly drilled and tutored upon the subject of matrimony. No home-bred girl ever gets an offer without expecting it—at least, nothing that a woman would think of accepting. Our volatile neighbours of the Emerald Isle, to be sure, sometimes pop the question after a dance; but that is more a watering-place (artificial cover) proceeding, and one which we will treat of in its proper place. Your steady, regular-going family coaches, are never taken by surprise that way, especially in the country, where every marketable man's pretensions are weighed and considered as soon as he is born. From this clause soldiers should be excepted, and in the extreme of country retirement, they perhaps constitute the staple of anonymous flirtations, in contradistinction to the cousin-marrying—quid pro quo-ing—ordinary business-like routine of family arrangements.

Indeed, we often feel for soldiers, foot ones particularly; and numbering, as we make no doubt we shall, many nice young men in the army among our pupils, we will devote a few words to the hardships and peculiarity of their situation.

They are in the unfortunate situation of Lord Byron's critic—they

“Stand, soldiers—hated, yet caress'd;”

hated by fathers, as being unlicensed and most notorious poachers on their (daughters') preserves,—fêted by mothers, on account of their conversation, and lace-bedaubed coats. The consequence is, old Mr. Curmudgeon is driven to scattering his cards down the mess-table, or picking out names in the army list, to write on his pasteboards, and then comes the usual invitation to dinner, which we understand in country quarters involves (in honour at least) the invited's appearance at Mrs. Curmudgeon's tea and turn-out, or little carpet dance, whenever she chooses to give it. Now we would put it to any sensible, practical, matter-of-factual man, what a jolly young sub. can consider he's invited to old Mr. Curmudgeon's for, but to fall in love with one of the Miss Curmudgeons. Can the invitation, we ask, admit of any other construction? If we were Lord Chief Justice of England charging a jury—a special one, even—we would lay that down as straight as a railway. Well then, d—n me (God forgive us for swearing), what right has old Mr. Curmudgeon to express his surprise when he comes to the first question in papa's catechism—“What have you got?”—to be told, “Nothing but my pay;” or, “Nothing but my pay,” and the usual “Great expectations from an uncle”? What right, we ask, has old Mr. Curmudgeon to be angry, seeing that the grievance was entirely of his own seeking? Wouldn't the young gentleman have deserved to be broke if he hadn't done exactly as he did—made fierce love to the lady? Assuredly he would.

Add to Curmudgeon's audacity, Mrs. Curmudgeon's mendacity, in “holding a young man on” under such circumstances, and we have a mass of depravity and wickedness too great for calm consideration—our honest indignation boils over. We adjourn the subject to another month.



## A GERMAN SUNDAY.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

THE STUDENT AND HIS DOG—A RESPECTABLE ACQUAINTANCE—RE-UNION OF THE CLUBS—HEROES OF THE BEARD—A QUIET PARTY.

It was one afternoon in August, if I mistake not, the 15th—I like to be exact in my dates—that, in one of those calèches, common in Germany, slight, crazy, rattling, ill-calculated to resist wind or weather, and yet the only ones in which the natives travel,—I entered the old-fashioned town of Jena, and wound through its narrow, shabby, crooked, ill-paved streets. It was Sunday—a fête-day, and the population had resorted to the numerous villages within a walk, in order to indulge in ample potations of the favourite, almost sole beverage of the Jenese—for the wine is *miserabel*—brown, or rather straw-coloured, ale.

But if the streets were deserted, the *Markt-platz* was swarming with life and motion. It is the grand resort of the *Musensohnen*—their point of reunion, as the forum was to the Romans, at all hours, and at all times of the year. Here, then, were they assembled, and presented a novel, gay, and motley scene, which, to a painter, who would have been struck with their varied dresses and caps of all colours, had seemed a picturesque one. Some were lounging on the steps of the houses, or under the portico of the *Rath-hause*; nor were tables wanting, beneath the free air of heaven, where those seated round them might be seen to sip their coffee, or slake their *insatiable* thirst with the classical and accustomed cooling, or rather well cooled, *Labungstrank*, out of white wooden cans, or long glasses; or rattle dice, or play at dominoes. Some were disputing with animated gestures, as if life or death depended on the argument; others were fixing when their friends should go "*los*,"—that is, when such and such duels should come off—settling the weapons—number of rounds—time and place, &c. In the centre of the square a circle was formed about two athletes, who were having a set-to with foils; and the clashing of steel, the buzz of voices, the humming of tunes, were mingled with the barking of dogs in every gradation of tone, from the treble of the turnspit to the deep bass of the hound. There was a vacant chair in the shade, that looked inviting to me; for beside it I marked a student, with whom I hoped to hook in a conversation, and learn something about Jena. He was quietly smoking his long pipe, ornamented with silk tassels, containing the same colours as his cap; and on the seat which I was anxious to occupy lay his *mappe* (portfolio), and *rapier*, without which it is not the fashion to appear even at Lecture, in this University. Divining my thoughts, and seeing that I was a stranger, he placed them on the ground, and in his own language welcomed me to Jena. I filled the vacant chair; and taking out my cigar case, extracted therefrom one, that though made at Bremen, or Hamburg, was not unworthy of comparison with a real Havannah, possessing also this advantage, that it cost the smallest current coin in the British dominions; my neighbour

accommodated me with fire, and as I inhaled and exhaled the incense of the aromatic weed, I narrowly observed him. He was a man of twenty-eight or thirty, who in no crowd, would have passed without observation. Shakspeare says, that the dandies of his day were bearded like pards. It would have given no idea of the beard I was contemplating. It was *indeed* a beard ! *such* a beard ! the envy and despair of *Fuchses* (fresh-men), and the terror of *Knötens* (apprentices). It was *sui generis*—admitted of no denomination—had nothing either *simile aut secundum* to it—was a perfect forest—a wild jungle of stiff and bristly hair, that covered thickly, and without culture, the lips, chin, neck, and ears of its fortunate possessor. The only parts of his face untenanted by this exuberant excrescence, were his nose and cheek-bones, the first of which had been split in two in some encounter, and injured in its fair proportions by a *schlager hieb*, that had not stopped there, but severed the upper lip, somewhat contracted and drawn up in healing ; and immediately under the eye the memorial of a wound received at Heidelberg, where the best *Paukers* are seen to find their level, was an indentation or trench, where might be buried one's little finger. I forgot to say that his beard was of a fiery red, and visible in its full disproportions by his open shirt-collar, that, innocent of starch, and not of spotless whiteness, lay unbuttoned over his shoulders, which, like those of most of his fellow-students, were *al fresco*—coats and waistcoats seeming to be considered as unnecessary restraints, or vain superfluities. Small grey eyes, but of much fire, and intelligence, twinkled beneath his bushy brows from out of the wells or caverns in which they were embedded, the latter betraying by their depth great and early dissipation. To render the picture completely characteristic, at his feet was lying an enormous wolf-dog, of a breed not uncommon in the Pyrenees.

There is nothing sets one so completely at ease with others, and satisfied with one's self, as smoking. The dog furnished me with subject matter for remarks. I admired his long grizzly hair, his great height, his muscular limbs, broad head, and sharp ears, and ended by saying, "You have got a fine animal, Mein Herr."

"That dog," replied he of the beard, "owns no one as a master ; he was left at Jena by a French student, and has continued for some years to frequent our *Kneipe*. Perhaps you may have heard that great hostility exists here between the *Burschenschaft* and *Landsmaunschaft*, not only so, but between the different *Verbindungs* ; and Hector, strange to say, adopts the sentiments of his club, and lives on the very worst terms with the dogs of our antagonists—indeed, with our antagonists themselves. He knows instinctively a *Frank* from a *Marker* ; and has the finest nose in the world for a dun. Many a one has he sent scampering away from my door by a single growl. Have not you, my good Hector ?"

"I like," after a pause, added he, "your nation—which by your accent I at once detected—especially the male part. Your women are handsome, it is true, but haughty : I will give you an instance of pride, and its fall. When I was a gay fellow at Heidelberg, I used to dandify to the cost of the tailors, be it spoken, and frequented the Museum balls. Formal introductions to partners are not required at them : there I saw a pretty girl—an Englishwoman, and obtained her promise to waltz ; but to my surprise, when the cotillon was over, and I claimed her hand,



she declined it, in consequence, as I found out, of her having heard from her last beau, that I was neither a count nor a baron. A young friend of mine was selected by me to revenge the insult ; he engaged her to dance, and then excused himself, telling her that he never danced with any young ladies that were not noble."

"You must not judge of our fair ones by this specimen. Germany (especially the small towns) is full of vulgar English, who have never been in decent society at home, and do not know how to conduct themselves abroad. Your *lex talionis* proved, I hope, a salutary lesson to my countrywoman, whom I should wish to disown."

Whilst we were thus chatting, my neighbour rose, and said—"This evening we have an *Allgemeine*, a general reunion of the clubs, and if you are disposed to see the humours of it, though strangers are not generally admitted, you shall be my guest."

The invitation was too tempting a one to be declined: I accepted it at once, and, accompanied by Hector, who led the way, and knew as well as his friend, the day and place of assembly, we entered, arm-in-arm, an hotel, the name of which I have now forgotten, though it ended with *muhlerei*. The *local* appropriated to the scene I am about to describe was ornamented with evergreens for the occasion, the garlands being disposed with that taste for which the German gardeners are remarkable: on the wall, at the head of the table, the initials of the different *Landsmaunschafts* were designed, by dahlias, in the colours of the corps, and above them were interlaced their flags. The chair had already been taken, and the room was fast filling. A shout of "*Skreikenberger! Paukhahn! Beerhahn! Hoch-Hoch!*" saluted my companion in a volley, who, without taking the slightest notice of the compliment, brought me straight up to the president: a vacant chair had been reserved for him on his right; and seeing there was none for me, he bluntly desired a *Bursch*, who wore the same tri-coloured band as himself, green-white-red, to make room for the stranger. Behold me, then, one of the chairman's supporters, at an *Abschied's Commers*, so called, from its being held on the eve of the vacation—a parting meeting. The company might amount to three hundred; not that the corps themselves contained half that number of regular members, the remainder being made up of *Renonces*—candidates on trial for the honour of the band—*Fuchses*, and *Mitkneipanten*. No *Cameet Wildt*, or *Finke*, was of course admitted; and the *Burschenschaft* kept aloof, holding all other associations but their own in utter contempt. At the period of my visit to Jena, this freemasonry, which afterwards made so much noise in Germany, and buried in its ruins so many noble youths who deserved a better fate, had passed its zenith. What political convulsions could arise out of the banding together, and that only for a very short time, of a parcel of raw, mad-cap youths, is best known to those who persecuted them to imprisonment and death. Even then, a train had been laid, and the engines of despotism were in activity to overthrow the *Burschenschaft*. Traitors had slipped into their ranks; spies, who, in order to shew their activity to their employers, exaggerated the danger of the institution, and misinterpreted the motives and tenets of its adherents. Nor were they uniform in their ways of thinking, or bound together by one common league; revolutionists there undoubtedly were, who aimed at the destruction of all governments; republicans, who were for murdering all kings

and aristocrats—the spawn of the French revolution ; constitutionalists, who were for bringing Germany under the rule of one monarch ; and others, who howled to the wolves. This want of unity—this clashing of heterogeneous opinions, was alone a sufficient safeguard against revolution ; for the consequence was, dissension—disputes—recrimination—hostility, and fighting among the members themselves.

It is time I should return to my seat at the *Commers*. In a former paper I have called the East the Land of Beards, but I must correct myself. *There*, one universal monotonous standard prevails ; but *here*—whether I looked to right or left—a perfect GALLERY OF BEARDS presented itself. Let me begin with the *Schnur bart*—the incipient and budding line of down ; next proceed to the *Backen bart*—the simple whiskers ; the *Shnaub bart*—or snout beard ; the Imperial—the Rubens' beard, as he has drawn himself in his celebrated portrait with his second wife—much in fashion at Halle—until we come to the English aristocratic beard, which I have heard profanely termed the baboon beard ; the Gustavus Adolphus beard, such as he wore at the Battle of Lutzen ; the Wallenstein beard—a single pointed tuft pendent from the chin ; the beard à la Henri IV., that needs no description ; our Charles's beard, immortalized by Vandyke ;—and after so wide a range, above all, and throwing all others into shade, let me come back, after this anti-climax, to the *non plus ultra*—the beard, *par excellence*, of my distinguished host and conductor, the pride and glory of the *Franconians*, Shreikenberger. What a glorious constellation of beards did the brother *Studios* display to my wondering optics—my own poor moustache faded into comparative insignificance. I was half ashamed of it. Harmonious meeting ! thought I—fine fellows these Jeneſe ! Where was the discord that I had been led to anticipate ? I saw cheerful countenances beaming delight and reflecting it on all sides. The members of the different corps sate together, it is true,—but they took beer with each other, talked, jested, joked, laughed, and seemed on the most friendly terms, and in the best humour imaginable. The band—*blasende music* (wind instruments)—played, in the meanwhile, favourite *Kneipe* tunes. I admired the perfect obedience of the assembly to the chairman—his every word was law. At his command they thundered forth in chorus that stirring and noble anthem, “ *Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus* ;” then the different *Verbindungs* were ordered in turn to furnish a song, the burthen of which was *Ehre, Freiheit, and Vaterland*. My new acquaintance, the *Beerhahn*, who seemed cock of the walk, was in his proper element, and during the pauses of the strains set those about him in a roar with the account of his adventures. One of these appeared particularly to amuse, and circulated about the tables. I will endeavour to relate it in his own words, which were addressed to me :—

“ The day before yesterday, I was at the fair of Amerbach. You must know, sir, that, German like, I have a strong predilection for sausages—a particular sort, especially, that is sold there. *Entre nous*, I had neither a *groschen* in my pocket for a *würst*, nor three *pfennings* for a *weike*, to eat it with ; but as good luck would have it, who should pass by me but a sturdy peasant, who, with undisguised longing and keen appetite, was eyeing a hissing hot sausage and a white *semel* that he had just purchased. ‘ Friend,’ said I, ‘ how much



might you pay for the sausage?' 'A *groschen*, *Herrschen*.' 'A *groschen*?' I replied. 'Shameful!—abominable! This is the way good folks are always duped. Sausages are fallen in price—they only cost nine pfennings a-piece! And how much did you give for the small loaf?' 'A *dreir*.' 'A *dreir*, indeed!' I exclaimed, indignantly—'rascally cheat! Why, the *tariff* is only two pfennings. Come, man, give me the *würst* and the *semmel*, I'll make the rogues pretty soon refund. I'm *Würst Inspector*.' The good easy fool readily put into my hands the tit-bits, and followed in my wake through the crowded fair. I kept him at full stretch, until I reached a spot where several rows of shops branched off in different directions. Here I gave my friend the slip, and bolted into the Eagle, where I had *pump* (tick), and ordered a bottle of Erlangen, to give a jest to the *bon bouche lecherbissin*, as he called it. The boor hunted and hunted all through the fair in search of the *Würst Inspector*. Distrust in his soul, he also, at last, entered the *Adler*, where he had put up his waggon, moralizing, in a philosophic mood, on the rascality of the world. To be in a minute twice robbed—doubly taken in—was ever man so unfortunate? He had not been in the *Public* half a minute before he perceived me—who had not yet done with the loaf and sausage, but was still discussing their merits with great *goût* over my ale. He approached sheepishly, and looked unutterable things—staring first at his property, then at me. Doubts assailed him. I was certainly drest like the *Herr Inspector*, but then my features were not the same; for, be it told, that I can distort my phiz (here he made a face worthy of Liston or John Reeve), so that my oldest friend shall not recognise me. This old trick of mine I put in practice. The boor at length gave vent to his pent-up feelings; and said to himself, as he turned on his heel, 'Well, if it was not for his ugly *mug*, I could have sworn he was the *Herr Würst Inspector*!'

This anecdote, which shews that Shreikenberger made no very nice distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*—was followed up by a song of his own composition that excited general applause. It described the vain dunning of his creditors. But the scene soon changed:—the sea, erewhile, so smiling and placid, became unquiet and troubled. Different songs were sung at one and the same time by the different corps: some endeavoured to drown the others' voices by bellowing out of tune—the president called the refractory to order in vain; next came altercations and bandying of words, commonly ending with the refrain—"Du bist ein dummer junge"—a greenhorn or silly fellow; then followed from the offended party a repetition of the injury, implying a demand of satisfaction—some got on the tables, and bawled with cartels, right and left, with wild gestures; others ran backwards and forwards; and cries of "*No nach touche!—no nach touche!*"—meaning, that the challenge once accepted, further dispute was inadmissible—echoed from all parts of the hall—

"Where beards wagged all"—

save and except the renowned *Paukhahns*. He, during all this row and uproar, sate as though he was quite unconscious of the larum; he took no part in these disputes—smoked his pipe with perfect nonchalance and unconcern; nothing seemed capable of ruffling the serenity

of his soul. Hector, too, whose huge jowl now and then peeped forth from between his friend's and the president's chairs, and who, like many of the *Kniepe* dogs, had acquired a taste for ale, in which he was from time to time indulged from the beakers of both, took as little notice as Shreikenberger of the howling and growling and barking and baying of the dogs—almost every student had one—that formed a fitting accompaniment to the vocal concert of their masters, continually rising to *fortissimo*. Hogarth has drawn a fine moral picture of an electioneering dinner; but the orgies he depicts fell far short of those of Hockschulers. Uncoated, unwaistcoated, with their chests bare, and sleeves tucked up, they reminded me of butchers or helots: drunkenness here assumed all forms—each more disgusting than the last—over which I shall draw a veil; and only say, that, before I left the party, not a few of them had been carried into the *Todten-kammer*, the dead chamber, by the *Todten fuhrman*, the dead-drunk-bearer, a functionary appointed for that purpose, and there laid upon straw, where, wallowing side by side, friends and foes, in like insensibility, I shall leave them.

## RUINS.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

O RUINS are lovely when o'er them is cast  
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past!  
When the rent and the chasm that fearfully yawn'd,  
By the moss of the lichens are sweetly adorn'd,  
When long grass doth carpet the desolate halls,  
And trees have sprung up in the whitening walls,  
And woven a curtain of liveliest green,  
Where once the rich folds of the damask were seen.

Alas! for the sorrow some heart may have felt,  
When *first* the rude blow of destruction was dealt,  
When first the thrice-hallow'd hearth-stone was o'erturn'd,  
And its embers were scatter'd as brightly they burn'd;  
And e'en though insidious time may have given  
The stroke whence the loved home of childhood was riven,  
Alas! for their sorrow, who *first* traced in gloom,  
Decay's fearful hand on their beautiful home.

But such thoughts are unheeded when idly we gaze  
On the desolate grandeur of earlier days;  
'Tis the wreck that is lovely, the wider the rent—  
The fuller a view of the landscape is lent.  
The wind that now sighs through the tenantless halls  
No thoughts of loved voices to memory recalls;  
Oh, ruins are lovely when o'er them is cast  
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past!

And how like the shatter'd but ivy-clad tower,  
Must the heart of man seem at his life's evening hour!  
Deep chasms are there, which the lost ones have left—  
The wreck of hope blighted, and misery's cleft;  
But time, like the ivy, his mantle hath cast,  
And the outline of sorrow is soften'd at last,  
And sweet with the mind's eye, it seemeth to gaze  
On the overpast sorrows of earlier days.



## THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

*"Jarvis.* Your uncle died last night.*"Beverly.* Fame says I am rich, then."

THE GAMESTER.

## XXIV.

THE timely success which had attended the production of "The Honeymoon," induced the directors of Drury Lane theatre to apply again to their piles of neglected MSS., and, like other coquettes, to turn their second thoughts towards some of those offers they had too unceremoniously slighted in past seasons. Rejected comedies, mouldy by despair, and we may truly say, torn by rough usage, were ogled from their obscurity; and as the frail managers contemplated the doleful ditty—

"Any one of these, which I slighted before,  
Will do very well for me,"

they fortunately fixed on a second of the Tobin family, and the "Curfew" became, at once, the reigning favourite.

This drama having been forthwith put into rehearsal, was advertised for representation for the 14th of February (1807); two days previous to which, it was announced as indefinitely postponed, owing to the sudden absence of Mr. Elliston, who was to have performed the principal character.

The master of Sidney College (Dr. Elliston) had been for some weeks in declining health, and his illness having now become alarming, his nephew received intelligence which induced him at once to proceed to Cambridge. Elliston found his uncle rapidly sinking, and with no hope of recovery. He was received with great affection by his venerable relative, who, in pardoning his offences, had no slight category to remit, whilst the exhortation he gave him to honourable conduct testified the sincerity with which he forgave him.

The Doctor did not survive this interview many days. He died full of honour—in the respect of all men who had value for integrity and well-directed talents.

Elliston, in a letter to his wife, says,—“My uncle—my best friend, expired this morning, and God will bless him. These are moments to awaken the coldest spirit to expressions of fervid gratitude, and to a full sense of departed goodness—they are too common—and little respect is therefore due to feelings of so ordinary a nature as mine; but from the bottom of my heart I pray for him, and believe he will be happy.

“Two days before my uncle died, he put a passage from Dr. Johnson into my hands, which out of veneration to both I transcribe to you:—‘Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time for doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorse.

He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.\*

The Doctor\* directed by will 600*l.* to be divided equally between his nephews, R. W. Elliston and the son of Professor Martyn. To each of his grandchildren, of which there were twenty, he left 100*l.*, to be paid with accumulation, as they severally attained their twenty-first year. As residuary legatees, Elliston and his cousin Martyn received 1700*l.* each.

Out of the late occurrence, some of those wild reports, which like the rank, fat weed, find root in the thinnest soil, were presently spread through the dramatic circles of the metropolis;—first, that Elliston had been bequeathed 20,000*l.*, and an estate in Huntingdonshire, on condition of his quitting the stage; secondly, that he had repudiated the Muses, and embraced the Fathers—Thalia for St. Chrysostom—the Green-room for the Cloister; and a third rumour, that he was about to found a dramatic college, of which he was to be nominated provost, with power, under a charter, for admitting licentiates, and conferring histrionic degrees! Certainly he returned to London bearing on his brow the very stamp of an epoch—his very step was eventful, and he bore around him an atmosphere of fate. On the 19th, however, the misty conglomeration of surmises vanished from the public mind, and Tobin's "Curfew" was produced, Elliston having resumed his duties at Drury Lane, by sustaining the principal part in that drama. The "Curfew" was repeated for fifteen consecutive nights, and on a few additional occasions in the season. Triumphs are not met with in coveys—the plumage which distinguished the "Honeymoon," did not clothe this second flight of the poet; but the "Curfew" was at least successful, and brought money to the treasury.

For his benefit, Elliston played *Vapid*, *Vapour*, and *Don Juan*—the receipts being four hundred and seventy-six pounds!

Elliston being known to the Margravine of Anspach, having figured at one or two of her private dramatical entertainments, applied to her, on the part of a friend, about to publish a Theatrical Tour, for permission to introduce a notice of her tasteful *Salle Dramatique*, at Brandenburg House, into the work—to which her highness replies,—

"SIR,—In answer to y<sup>r</sup> request, I inform you that there is likewise a Theatre in my Wood here of a Construction so peculiarly pretty, that it would perhaps be y<sup>r</sup> most interesting Description in y<sup>r</sup> friend's Tour. I shall write to my Housekeeper at B. House, to let him see the Theatre there; but I wish him not to print anything ab<sup>t</sup> me or my Establishments, without first letting me see what he intends writ<sup>e</sup>. I have been much assailed by printed Falsehoods—the Newspapers appear to say what they please, and pack Stories as some people do the Cards, for the Pleasure of cheating, without any prospect of Gain.

"Bonham, n<sup>r</sup> Newbury, Berks."

"ELIZABETH."

\* Dr. William Elliston, Master of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Rector of Keyston, Huntingdonshire—in the gift of Earl Fitzwilliam—died 11th Feb. 1807, in his 75th year.



The Margravine's private theatricals excited quite a sensation at this period, and a taste in some fashionable coteries for this kind of amusement. On several of these occasions, Elliston was the very Coryphæus of the rout—particularly on one event, wherein there was an equal portion of the antic with the attic—and where there was certainly no deficiency of amusement, for the laugh which wit might have failed to excite, absurdity was pretty sure to elicit. Sir John Carr, who had lately been knighted by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, took a patronizing lead in this instance, and appeared so highly gratified both with himself and everything connected with the evening, that Hook, who was present, declared the play could be performed but for one *knight* only. "Ah! we shall never see such another," replied Sir John, *sans le savoir*.

On the 16th of March, Elliston signed articles of engagement with Mr. T. Sheridan, and other proprietors of Drury Lane theatre, for five years, at 28*l.* per week.

In the summer, Elliston being at Liverpool, he received the following letter from his friend Mr. Warner Phipps, which we insert, as experience has sufficiently proved the accuracy of his judgment and the fulfilment of his anticipations: it respects the merits of Mr. Young:—

"MY DEAR ELLISTON,—You know the perpetual state of occupation in which I live, and I need not, therefore, apologize for not writing to you earlier. You have now nine Albion shares—the last seven have cost 55*l.* each, transfer stamps included.

"Mr. Rundall paid for three of these . . . . £165

"And Mr. Jones for the remaining four . . . . 220

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£385

"I have lost no opportunity of seeing Mr. Young. It would be offensive to friendship, were I to pander to any vanity you may have, by underrating a man whom I look on in one branch of his profession, to be a most formidable rival to you. In tragedy, Mr. Young has made a very strong, and, I think, a well-deserved impression on the public mind. He has fairly won the favour he enjoys. His *Hamlet* contains beauties of a very high order, and his acting in the *Stranger* is powerfully, irresistibly impressive. As a tragic actor, he cannot but succeed; but in light comedy, it is as clear he must inevitably fail. His *Don Felix* is a very volume of failures—and his acting as much out of character as an undertaker's scarf on a bridal attire. Nature has thrown such a solemnity about his form and aspect, that Thalia will neither yield to his entreaties nor be forced into his embraces—so much for the *stage*; but unless I am much mistaken, there is *still* a vein of fun running through his constitution, which to his friends at home is rich and yielding. I do not doubt his *perceptions* of comedy—they may be as fine as of that branch in which he certainly excels; but he can never be a comedian.

"He has a good figure, but not an heroic form. His voice, by art, I apprehend, has become of the good quality we find it. He has a kind of chanting intonation, which however it may first strike the ear, is soon grateful to it; I fancy it has been acquired in diligent attempts to overcome defect of articulation. Mr. Young frequently sheds over his text a brilliant lustre—there is a bold honesty in his manner which


persuades he is right—you *believe* him in all he says and does. In tenderness he is deficient—he can vindicate female honour, but he cannot condole with the sufferer—he can championize the dignity of blood, but he cannot mingle tears with tears.

“Graham and Tom Sheridan have been watching him nightly, and I have no doubt the Drury Lane merchants are speculating on this new commodity. Sheridan saw him last night in *Hamlet*, and went behind the scenes at the conclusion of the play. The Haymarket has produced so good a specimen in yourself, that I am not surprised at the credit given to its young actors.\*

“I went, two days ago, with Mr. Rundall, to look at the house he proposed for you in Stratford Place. The terms are certainly not high, but I hesitate in respect of the situation. You are the best judge whether so great a distance from the theatre would not be fatiguing and expensive to you, and whether your views also, with respect to Mrs. Elliston, would be promoted by a residence on this spot. I think there would be a discretion in your not taking the exact ground with families of rank and title. The very people who might become patrons of yourself and wife, would look coldly, disdainfully on you, as next-door neighbours. The great world may be pleased in being followed, but will not forgive being encroached on; in plain English, you have no business in Stratford Place: every house, I believe, in this street, is occupied by rank or wealth; and though no law forbids Mr. Elliston taking up his abode here, yet his good sense should prevent it.

“Remember Lord Erskine’s advice on your Lincoln’s-inn-fields project, and take that to be a pretty correct view of this similar proposition. As an actor and a gentleman, you are entitled to respect, but as an aristocrat or a man of fashion, you would be laughed at. The Duke of St. Albans, your next-door neighbour, might gratify your vanity for a day, but if you have any feeling, he would be a thorn in your side for many. Garrick with all his fame, sought and courted as he was, did not presume to place himself in immediate contact with nobility, though his fortune was equal to a handsome residence, which he, in fact, had in the Adelphi Terrace; and Kemble does not venture beyond the bourne of Bloomsbury. I would suggest Bedford Place to you—the houses are spacious and convenient—admirably suited to Mrs. Elliston and her academy. But for God’s sake do not let any duke overhear the fiddle of a dancing school, or your neighbour the countess, observe the actor stepping into a hackney-coach. The very principle of the ridiculous is in things being out of place.

“Believe me, sincerely yours,



\* Mr. Young’s first appearance in London was at the Haymarket, June 22, 1807.



Being at Liverpool, Elliston could scarcely have forgotten his two accommodating friends, the host and hostess of the "Star;" such defection indeed would have been the basest ingratitude, for he had received on the last Christmas a "very *duck* of a *turkey*" (as his cook had expressed it) from this good easy pair, accompanied by a practical joke at the hands of the laughter-loving landlady, who had also enclosed him a black bottle, superscribed "Dantzic," which on being opened proved to be the translucent produce of the Liver—pool.

Elliston had arrived in this city at about the usual hour of the family dinner within the bar, and having deposited his luggage in the neighbourhood, presented himself suddenly, as the well-remembered party were seated at table. The lady, who was operatively engaged on a broiled whiting at the very moment, no sooner had fixed her eyes on the apparition before her, than she uttered a piercing scream, when her terrified husband, unconscious of the real cause, and believing but in the possibility of one alone—namely, a fish-bone in the pharynx, jumped from his chair, and began to belabour the broad back of his helpless spouse, as though he were gratifying some other feeling than the mere desire of giving relief.

Two screams being, however, explained, (for with a woman a scream is the indiscriminate index of pain or pleasure, as "No" is sometimes preferred to express assent,) Elliston was received with raptures by his hostess, to which he was made welcome by *Tow-wouse* himself, with the same sense of hospitality, as to the first cut of the shoulder of mutton. But certain impressions had now seized our hero, which had the effect of taking away his appetite without satisfying his hunger. Time works in various ways. The lady, who four years since, as our readers may remember, had "promised to be fat," was now discovered no *less* than her word; she had, in fact, increased (or as we believe the term is, "spread") to a most unsymmetrical extent, so that she who had hitherto been only her good man's *better* half, was now become, in the predial sense, a positive "prize."

Elliston, however, had far too much generosity to betray his *peine d'esprit*, but, like an experienced actor, "played the agreeable" so well, that nothing was wanting to gratify the vanity of his fair companion, which in point of fact had kept excellent pace with the rapid increase of her person. Nay, it is a doubt whether she were not more gratified than in past days; for fearing he might be guilty of coldness, Elliston, in all probability, a little overacted his part, illustrating that scene of Fielding, (or if not Fielding, so very like him,) in which a certain lady observes—"Your love, I fear, is not sincere;" to which replies her suitor,—“Ah, Madam! if you did but know how incomparably the imitation surpasses the reality, you would never desire the insipidity of a true lover again.”

The "Star" *menage* was much as usual. *Tow-wouse* moved off with the cloth, having first placed two tumblers, the spirit-stand, and a kettle of boiling water, at the disposal of his "comfortable" mistress and her visitor.

Elliston having expressed his thanks over and over again for the Christmas turkey, and laughed as frequently at the bottle of transparent "Dantzic," felt he could really return no longer to that subject, and now looked about for some fresh matter of *belle parole*, for which at other times he would have needed no prompting. The liquor was

certainly a good refuge, which each time he sipped, suggested some lively sally. The hit at backgammon was not forgotten—again was he at the cheerful *board*, when the lady suddenly exclaiming, “The stakes as usual!” he was seized with that sort of sensation which is generally produced by a hard crust, or perhaps a pebble, coming in contact with an angry tooth. If once he had played for kisses, he fain now would have played for “love”—he was at least determined to play like a man of honour. To it they went, rattled were the dice, repeated was the sly equivoque, and though his arm could describe but a sorry segment of Juno’s zone, yet he pressed the apron-strings of his fair antagonist, and paid his debts in the old coin, though, Heaven help him, with about the same good-will he would have satisfied damages in the Sheriff’s Court.

There was, however, no coquetting with the “Dantzic”—all there was pure devotion; and when, on mingling the third rummer, our animated guest apostrophized the bottle, “Shrunk to this little measure!” his eye twinkled again in its own peculiar humour, as it fell on the expansive equator which girded the merry planet at his side. But by degrees this *garconnerie* underwent considerable condensation—a certain offuscation crept over the imagination of our hero, and his spherical friend having fallen into a comfortable doze, Elliston, who was ever grand and sententious when under the Thyrsus of “the god,” rose from his chair, and summoning the landlord into the room, commenced, in a true Areopagite style, to read him so tremendous a lecture on the duties of hospitality, that long before he had finished, poor *Tow-wouse* was perfectly convinced Elliston had been the most misused guest that had ever entered his house! Fain would we drop a curtain on the shame of our hero—a shame to which only chanticleer recalled him, when he opened his eyes eight hours afterwards, in a back parlour, overlooking the stable-yard of the “Star” at Liverpool.

## XXV.

ELLISTON’S theatrical reception at Liverpool was flattering, and he played his round of characters in far better spirit than might have been expected on those boards which he had so recently desired to tread as proprietor. But Elliston’s was not a temper to be affected with *malaise*; on the contrary, discomfited in one project, he was only hurried on to another, and defeat to him was the very assay of his energies.

Having concluded his short engagement at this city, he made a sort of detour on his return to London, taking Buxton on his circuit, at which place he acted for a few nights. The theatre here was one of those wretched little buildings, resembling nearly the “Globe” of Jonson’s day, “open to the sky,” wherein the modern idler has too frequently been found to cull his own pastime from the misery of others, and glorify his self-esteem by the greater humility he witnesses. Sport is it to him which is death to them; and irresistibly ridiculous as are sometimes the hard shifts of the poor players, he should remember that the price of his momentary laugh may be a pang by no means as fleeting from the hearts of others, and the hollow pleasure he has reaped to-day, had been sown in the long privations of those whose claims on Providence were perhaps fully equal to his own.



The spirit of the ridiculous, however, is a moral combustible, which, like gunpowder, will force the seals of its prison, and so long as the splinters wound not, we must be content that it explode. Of its component parts, there are no richer beds than country theatricals, though we presume not to offer the following by any means as an extraordinary example.

Miserable was the theatre, and the actors "*Iro pauperiores*." The capabilities of the former consisted of two scenes, which, like *Master Solomon's* waistcoat, had been turned for many occasions, and from their state of near obliteration had arrived at such a point of utility as to pass for anything. A few stage "foot-lamps" illumed the whole house, throwing a dim irreligious light upon the fresco brick wall, which supported both the roof of the building and the back of the spectator. The pit floor was composed of a line of hurdles, which kept the feet of the groundlings at some distance from that only overflow which good fortune ever permitted, but which, owing to the low position of the building, never failed in the rainy season. The scant wardrobe, to the last thread and button, was, it is true, employed in every piece, but which, being a contribution of all costumes under the sun, was at least, in some single character, like the child's sham watch, right once during the evening. The company was numerically small, unless the numerals had reference to their sum of years, for, with the exception of two urchins, who had but one hat between them, there was not an actor or actress much under seventy years of age.

The entertainment on the night of Elliston's arrival at Buxton was the "Castle Spectre." In the course of this play, it will be recollected, *Earl Percy* is detained prisoner in *Lord Osmond's* tower, whose movements are overwatched by *Muley* and *Saib*, two of *Osmond's* black slaves. Whilst these Africans are playing at dice in front of the stage, and the *Earl* feigning sleep on his couch, fishermen without the walls of the castle sing a chorus, which gives the *Earl* a cue for his escape; this he accomplishes by climbing a window, unseen by the blacks, and dropping into the boat supposed to be floating under the casement. On this night, however, the said scene was thus acted, or rather the progress of it thus inauspiciously interrupted.

In the first place, the two slaves were represented by one actor—"doubled," as it is called, (two and double, however, are much the same thing,) and the dialogue he carried on with himself, supposing the presence of the second person—"Hark! music!"—here the first strain of the distant chorus is understood, but as there was not one in the company who could express a note but himself, the actor turned his head over his shoulders and slyly chanted it, *Percy* still feigning sleep. The black continues—"I'll see what it is!"—he now, by means of a table, ascended to the casement, and thrusting his head and shoulders through the same, a fiddle from behind was handed up to him, on which, out of sight of the audience, he worked his elbows, singing and playing—

"Sleep you or wake you, lady bright,  
Sing Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee!"

Concealing, then, his instrument, and withdrawing his head, he turned to the audience—

"Surely I know that voice. Still my prisoner sleeps. I'll listen again."

Once again, head and shoulders through the window, the fiddle raised to his hands, on he went—

"To spring below then never dread,  
Our arms to catch you shall be spread;  
A boat now waits to set you free,  
Sing Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee!"

But, alas! just at this moment, when in act of a second time pulling in his body from the narrow aperture, the exertion necessary to the operation, together with the fragile state of the antique scenery, produced a most awful crash—the whole side of *Osmond's* castle wall, with *Muley* sticking in the window-frame, like a rat caught by his neck, fell inwards on the stage, disclosing at one view an heterogeneous state of things beyond, beggaring all powers of description. Hogarth's "Strollers Dressing in a Barn," is not more fantastically conceived—pipkins and helmets, wigs and smallclothes, paint and petticoats, bread and cheese, and thunder and lightning—ladies and gentlemen, full-dressed, half-dressed, undressed, in all the various stages of hurried interchange of joint-stock attire—love and discord, fondling and fighting—chalk, tallow, poison, Cupids, and brickbats—hips, beards, bosoms, bottles, glue-pots, and broken-headed drums—garlands, gallipots, ghosts, moonbeams, play-books, and brimstone! It was an "Art-Union" which no recent days have been able to parallel; but the consternation was that of an earthquake! As to the "double" black, still in his state of pillory, and who yet lay sprawling on the stage, we might indeed repeat—

"Now Fear, his hand its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made."

But such is the horizon in which the London "star" is occasionally to be witnessed, and theatrical astronomers will calculate their return, with Newtonian accuracy, to the same quarter. On the night following the above disaster, Elliston played at the same theatre his favourite *Aranza*. Extraordinary efforts were of course made to render the play worthy the patronage expected—in fact, a honeymoon had become a rare phenomenon in the place, and favours were not wanting on the present occasion. The house had an overflow, though a dry night; and matters went for a time swimmingly, as it is called—there was neither break down in scenery nor acting. *Juliana* (in the costume of *Fatima*!) was, it is true, as imperfect in her part as person; yet, had she retained every syllable of her author, she would scarcely have been more distinct, for she had lost every tooth in her head, which rendered her articulation so obscure, that default of precise words was of little detriment to the scene, so long as she filled up a stated time and shewed a spirit. All went on amazingly well, until the scene with the *Mock Duke*, in the fourth act. Here *Jaques* is discovered sitting in a large arm-chair, which, to give it dignity, had been covered over with an old curtain hanging. On rising from his seat, the hilt of the *Mock Duke's* sword most inopportunistly was entangled in one of the sundry holes of the loose coverlid, which, on



the actor's walking towards the front of the stage,

"Like a wounded snake, dragg'd its slow length along."

This certainly provoked something more than a smile; but it so happened, that the chair in question, had been borrowed for the occasion, from a neighbouring inn, and being originally fashioned for the incidental purposes of a sick chamber, its available conversion, was so palpably disclosed to the whole body of spectators, that the roar produced was far more resembling thunder than any paltry imitation ever before witnessed in a theatre. The people absolutely screamed with merriment—in fact, they laughed for a whole week afterwards.

Of the acting-company at Buxton, the greater part, as we have observed, though low in gold, were at least rich in those "silver hairs which purchase good opinion;" and amongst them, a Mr. Ladbroke, who had fallen into the infirmity, not altogether through years, of forgetting the words of parts he was constantly in the habit of playing. Of this, there are many instances on record. When Tom Walker was performing *Macheath* for the seventieth time, he was a little imperfect, which Rich observing, said, "Hallo! Mister! your memory ought to be pretty good by this time!"—"And so it is," replied Walker; "but zounds! it cannot last for ever!" Mr. Ladbroke, however, was generally perfect at rehearsals, but his mystification at night arose probably from this cause—his rôle was always the old men; and these, whether *Sir A. Absolute*, *Don Lopez*, *Foresight*, or *Adam Winterton*, he acted in the same suit of clothes, so that when he gazed on his own figure, ready dressed for any particular one of these, all Bell's Edition crowded to the threshold of his memory, which not unnaturally led to some confusion in the interior. Thus, for instance, would he proceed, on making his bow as *Sir Peter Teazle*.

"When an old bachelor marries a young wife . . . . Ah! you pretty rogue, you shall outshine the queen's box on an opera night . . . . His Pagod, his Poluphlosboio, his Monsieur Musphonos, and his devil knows what . . . . It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in *Mrs. Frizzle's* face—" so that, here we had a compound of *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Sir Francis Gripe*, *Periwinkle*, and *old Hardcastle*; all delightful when taken "neat," but as little relished in the admixture, as old Burgundy, whisky punch, dry sherry, and Staffordshire ale, in aliquot parts, for an afternoon's draught.

On his third night, Elliston played *Archer* in the "*Beaux Stratagem*;"\* a stratagem, we doubt not, far inferior to that by which the comedy was got over. He concluded with "*Tag*"—the *rag* and *bobtail* were ready to answer for themselves.

\* Farquhar was not only a dramatist of great wit, but a companion of infinite humour. Wilks relates, that when Farquhar was in Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a friend to borrow Burnet's "*History of the Reformation*," but his friend replied he never lent any book out of his chamber, but if he would come there, he might make use of it as long as he pleased. Some time after, the owner of the book sent to borrow Farquhar's bellows—the dramatist returned as answer, he never lent his bellows out of his chamber, but if his neighbour would please to come there he might make use of them as long as he pleased.

During this short sojourn, Elliston made a visit to the celebrated Poole's Cavern. Here he fell in with an elderly gentleman and his two daughters, one a little *riante* Bacchante, and the other of a graver cast, bearing about the same character to each other as a Novel to a Romance. Elliston made himself at once agreeable. Being in excellent spirits, he exerted his inventive powers in telling historical facts; narrating a whole volume of legendary exploits of the daring outlaw (Poole), which threw into the shade all the "*Gesta Romanorum*" and monkish superstitions ever recorded.

"That," said he, addressing the younger of the *Minerva Press*, and at the same time pointing to one of the many fantastic forms of lime-stone within the cavern—"that is the petrification of the renowned 'Lady of the Land,' who remained a dragoness because no one had the hardihood to kiss her lips and disenchant her." But not even here had Nature anything so sublime as himself—a point on which he employed all the sugar and nutmeg of his eloquence. The same lady venturing, some time afterwards, to ask him to whom they were obliged, and laughingly to demand what he was—

"To tell the plain truth, madam," replied our hero, "I am a usurer. I lay out my happiness to exorbitant interest, for, in contributing to your pleasure, which I flatter myself I do, I receive at least one hundred per cent.!" Things went trippingly on in this manner for some time, when deliberately, and with no small exhibition of humour, the old gentleman, with a countenance vitreous and polished as the surrounding spa, drew from his pocket a Buxton play-bill, and exultingly pointing to the same, cried out, "Ah, ah! here we have you again to night—but we cannot see too much of you, *Elliston!*"—a *plaisanterie*, at which our actor himself had the good sense to laugh immoderately.

Elliston had driven over to Poole's Cavern with a friend, in a gig, and on his return to Buxton, was strolling on foot leisurely up one of the hills, (his companion having the reins of the horse,) when a figure approached him from the hedge-side, the most wretched, the most emaciated of beings he had ever beheld. The man was evidently dying of hunger and exhaustion. The object which presented himself was a poor Frenchman, who, having escaped from one of the prisons, had wandered about a country of which he knew nothing, for four days and nights, with no money, no means of assuaging the cravings of nature, but rather avoiding every one, notwithstanding his destitution, from the dread that the succour he might seek would presently be converted into severer penalties than he had yet experienced.

Commiserating the poor creature as he did, Elliston knew not how to proceed, or into what serious dilemma he might bring himself by sheltering an escaped prisoner of war. He at least determined not to abuse the rights of confidence—in other words, to maintain strictly the rules of dramatic justice, and entitle himself to the applause of his own conscience. Desiring the poor Frenchman to lie snug in the field from which he had just crawled, (like the great Monmouth, with a few peas only in his pocket,) Elliston and his friend drove back to Castleton, where, purchasing a couple of loaves, a little bacon, and a bottle of wine, he returned to the spot where the famishing foreigner lay concealed. The wretched creature, (who, in his days of plumage,



would scarcely have been a match for "*Captain Weasel*,") having long since given himself up for lost, now began to blubber in tears of gratitude, and express his *battements du cœur* in as much pantomime as his weakness would permit. The evening was fast closing in, but the weather warm and lovely, and Elliston, teeming with melodramatic fervour, hurried the trembling refugee to a low copse below the brow of a contiguous dell, and boxing him snugly in a heap of furze, completely obscured from the public eye, spread before him the restoratives he had just obtained. The little Frenchman's head peeping from his prickly nest—the bread and bacon—the bottle of "neat wine," and the true stage importance in which, no doubt, Elliston had fully invested himself, must have represented a most characteristic picture. Elliston, of course, delivered a speech or two, more apposite to the occasion than intelligible to his listener, and dropping, at the same time, a small sum of money into the lap of the nidulated man of war, commended him to the caprice of Fortune, who sometimes, when in a pleasant mood, exerts herself in extraordinary means for the benefit of the most insignificant of her votaries.

## THE EMPEROR OF HAYTI AND THE SKIPPER.

BY BENSON HILL.

THE good ship Catherine, one of the finest vessels out of the port of Liverpool, was some years ago commanded by a young man named Baker, who was also part owner. On one of his many voyages to the West Indies, he found himself suddenly obliged to lay to, from stress of weather, off that part of the Island of St. Domingo which had thrown off the European yoke. The skipper—or, as in courtesy we will call him, the captain—kept his craft in first-rate order, and not knowing what sort of customers might inhabit the shore, his ten or a dozen small pieces of ordnance were furbished up in fighting trim. He was well provisioned and watered, but had not the slightest objection to take in as much fruit as the ship's crew would like to purchase, should such come off from the land.

Very early on the morning after the captain had thus anchored, a boat came alongside, containing four stout black fellows, their only covering being loose canvas trowsers, and broad-brimmed straw hats; they hailed, and asked leave to come aboard. The mate gave them the desired permission, and the niggers expressed great delight at the beautiful condition in which they found everything that met their gaze; they spoke English with considerable fluency, and as they appeared so pleased with what they saw, the mate determined on taking them below, and exhibiting all that could be shown of the craft in which he so much prided.

Captain Baker coming on deck soon learnt the arrival of his sable visitors, and desired to see them; he listened with great complacency to the encomiums bestowed on his ship, in language very far above the common colloquy of black men. One of the party, a tall, well-formed figure, with features not strictly African, appeared to take greater interest in all he saw than his companions. They were

invited into the cabin, where the captain's breakfast was waiting for him, and asked to partake of the coffee and cocoa steaming on the board; apparently much flattered by this marked attention, they shared the repast, and after a profusion of thanks, took their leaves.

As they were making their way to the ship's side, the captain, struck with the fine muscular development of the man who had appeared most gratified with his visit, said to the mate,—“What a d—d fine fellow that is! I should like to have him on a *Vendu* table; he'd fetch a good lot of dollars.”

To this the mate assented. Blackies got into their boat, and away they rowed.

The wind was dead calm, and Baker only awaited the springing up of a breeze to take his departure. Before mid-day another boat was descried coming towards the Catherine; this was pulled by a dozen rowers, and had a handsome awning astern. The captain, judging that it might convey some official personage, stood at the gangway to receive the new visitor.

A negro, attired in a magnificent uniform, profusely covered with lace, and wearing more than one decoration, stepped on board. He lifted his huge cocked-hat, surmounted by a feather of immense length, and with considerable dignity desired to speak to “*Massa Cap-pun.*” Baker advanced to the ebony chevalier, and learnt that his majesty the Emperor of Hayti commanded to see him and his first officer, at the Palace of *Sans Souci*; that no apprehension need arise, the object of the emperor being solely to learn any news the captain might be able to communicate. It was also intimated that the military man had received orders to convey them both on shore, as soon as they could conveniently leave the ship.

Though this arrangement was as unwelcome as unlooked-for, Baker thought it would be the best policy to obey the imperial mandate; so ushering the bedizened messenger into the cabin, he left him to amuse himself whilst some necessary alterations at the toilet were made. Being a merchant sailor only, he did not feel quite authorized in wearing side-arms, yet deemed it as well to put a brace of small pistols into his pocket, and direct the mate to provide himself with similar weapons.

The rowers soon pulled the trio to the beach, and the guard upon the wharf saluted their conductor, proving that the Englishmen were under the guidance of a man of consequence. A carriage was in waiting, the military man mounted a handsomely caparisoned charger, and rode by their side. After ascending a precipitous road for some time, they reached the outward walls of the palace, their guide's presence insuring them a ready passport through the various gates in advance of the royal residence. On reaching it, they were conducted through a suite of rooms furnished in a fashion befitting the climate, though the colours of the materials were of a gaudy character. In an ante-room the officer left them, whilst he announced their arrival to his majesty. The captain took this opportunity of observing to his companion—“Well, here we are in a tolerably strong trap, out of which we could never hope to get with our lives, considering the number of troops at the different gates; but, should things come to the worst, they shan't put an end to me without the discharge of a brace of bullets at the head of the first nigger that lays his flipper upon me; to that I've made up my mind.”



"I shall follow your example, as in duty bound," rejoined the mate.

The black master of the ceremonies now re-appeared, to usher them into the presence-chamber; they found it occupied by one person only, and in him they instantly recognised the intelligent negro who had been their morning visitor.

He was wrapped in a loose silk dressing-gown, and listlessly reclining upon a cane settée, with the air of one habituated to a life of idle repose. The Englishmen bowed respectfully. His emperor-ship, for it was no less a personage, addressed them in cordial tones, "Cap'tin, you really so good-naturd to shew me all your clever ship, and give me part of your breakfast, though you think me only poor black sailor man, I 'termined to ask you and kind mister there, to dine with me in return. The Emp'ror of Hayti has much good will to Englishmen; he like them as he no like Spaniard-men, 'cause them set of cruel devils. Frenchy-men and 'Merican-men not much better. Hope the Marquis Gauva pay you all civility as you come long?"

They bowed assent. At the sound of a small silver hand-bell, another highly-dressed officer entered.

"Count Marmalade, let the dinner be served directly; these gentlemen may wish to go a-board afore it dark."

Saying this his majesty retired, leaving the sailors to express their surprise at the oddity of the adventure. A short period only elapsed when their former *cicerone*, the marquis, signified that they were expected in the *salle à manger*.

Entering a superbly furnished apartment, they perceived that their host had attired himself in a splendid costume, glittering with diamonds, and profusely embroidered. He placed the captain on his right hand, and the mate on the opposite side; the banquet was composed of exquisite viands, the wines of the choicest character, and the magnificently dressed persons who occupied the table, amounting to some ten or twelve, included the three other partakers of the captain's cocoa.

Every one present vied with each other in shewing the strangers attention. Time passed rapidly. Baker began to cast longing looks towards the sea, and as he perceived the glassy surface break into gentle ripples, heartily wished himself on board the Catherine, and taking due advantage of the breeze.

The emperor observing the direction of the sailor's gaze, anticipated his wishes before they were expressed, giving orders that the calash should be prepared directly, adding, with extreme good-humour,— "You will not find the road half so long in returning, it is all down hill; you will reach your ship in very good time."

The carriage was announced, the Englishmen rose and expressed, after their own fashion, their deep and grateful sense of the signal honour his majesty had conferred upon them, and were retiring from the imperial presence, when the emperor separating himself from his courtiers, stepped forward, shook them both heartily by the hand, and in a low tone, but with great quaintness of manner, demanded of Baker, "Don't you think with all these jewels on my person, I should fetch a few more dollars on a *Vendu table*?"

He smiled as he finished his question, and then resuming his dignity bowed out his visitors, who were so completely "taken aback," that they scarcely exchanged even a monosyllable, till they found themselves safe on the deck of the Catherine—such effect had the parting query of the emperor taken on both of them.

## BABYLON.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

A SMALL party of us left Baghdad, the evening of June 8, 1836, to join the Euphrates steamer, then at Hillah, an Arab town, a little south of the ruins of ancient Babylon. We had charge of what, in mercantile language, is called groups, but, in more common parlance, funds for the expedition; and as the monies to circulate among the Arab peasantry were in coins of very small value, an inconsiderable sum sufficed to constitute a donkey-load. The first part of our journey was accomplished in one of the barges belonging to the British residency, by which we descended the river Tigris. Horses had been despatched early in the morning; but owing to the detours rendered necessary by the flooded state of the plain, we overtook them, about an hour after dark, at a spot where they were swimming across the river; and here we brought to and awaited till daylight, when we mounted our steeds to enjoy the cool of the morning, and followed the banks of the stream.

On our way, we came to a canal containing water, which was mentioned as being the Nâhr Malék, "the Royal River," a name which it has obtained from all antiquity. Passing through the heart of Babylonia, it was, according to Herodotus, and other historians, navigated by the Chaldeans, at a time when "they took a pride in their ships," and emptying itself into the Tigris, at a point where the Macedonian Seleucia arose upon the fall of Babylon; it was, according to Ammianus, the historian of Julian's exploits, the channel by which the Roman legions, under Trajan and Severus, as well as those of the Eastern empire, under the apostate emperor, invaded the Greek colony and its opposite rival, the city of the Parthians.

After fording this canal, we entered the precincts of Seleucia, by a gap in the long ridge of crumbling soil which, thinly streaked with scraggy thorn, marks out the ancient walls of the city. A few low mounds of rubbish, with fragments of pottery, is all that now remains of the capital of the Macedonian conquests, which retained, according to Gibbon, many years after the fall of their empire, the genuine characteristics of a Greek colony — "arts, military virtue, and the love of freedom" — but sacked and burnt by the Romans, and enfeebled by the neighbourhood of a too powerful rival; it was already a ruin in the time of Julian; at which time there was near to it a hunting-park of the Persian kings, replete with long-maned lions, boars, and bears. But while only low mounds of earth and brick remain to attest the former magnificence of Seleucia, there still arises on the opposite bank of the river the tall arch and lofty fragment of the palace inhabited by the Sassanian kings.

We turned from the contemplation of these now naked plains, once the home of two renowned and rival populations, to proceed across Babylonia, coasting an extensive inundation, such as is mentioned to have existed in the time of Julian, and thence gaining barren and sandy plains, whose only vegetation was the ever-abundant camel-thorn, enlivened here and there by the showy bloom of the caper-plant. On our progress, we met a large caravan of Persians returning from pilgrimage to the tomb of Ali. There were many ladies, as usual, carefully enclosed in curtained recesses, and many pilgrims of the poorer classes followed the caravan painfully on foot.



Shortly after this, when the plain was so level that scarcely an undulation was to be perceived for miles around, on looking for the donkey which was under charge of an Arab, it was nowhere to be seen. A few miles to the north of us was a small encampment of Bedwins, a horse picketed, and a black tasselled spear erect before each tent; so a Kawass, attached to the residency, who was with us, started in that direction, while another galloped away to scour the plain to the south. The sun was now so powerful as almost to burn the skin when exposed to it; so, pendant the search for the money-bags, we got off our horses, and endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain some shelter by lying beneath the caper-bushes. In a few minutes our Kawass was seen tearing down full speed across the plain, a mounted Arab behind him galloping, as if in full pursuit, with his spear bent upon the flying Turk. I was a novice at that time in Oriental manners, and mounting my Kochanli, a beautiful creature belonging to Colonel Taylor, took a pistol from the holsters, and sped away to intercept the Arab; but I only made a fool of myself; for, observing this movement, both parties drew up, indicating that their equestrian evolutions were only by way of pastime. Shortly after this, the donkey was brought up, from the southward; it had been going, according to the driver's report, the most direct course, and had been for the time, hid behind a gentle sandy undulation, such as are common on the plain, and behind which, slight as they are, and almost imperceptible to an unpractised eye, a party of Arabs will hide themselves, where no living thing is thought to be moving in the horizon. We now proceeded on our journey, and past a spot where the sand-grouse were nestling. The eggs were laid in slight cavities in the sand, without a blade of grass, and were so numerous, that it was difficult to ride without destroying some. Towards evening we came to a pathway; much burrowed by the bee-eater, which lives in colonies; but although the poor creature selects the trodden ground, as more difficult for the jackall, to dig in pursuit of its nest, many of these appeared to have been recently dug up, and the elegant wings of this beautiful bird were plentifully strewn around. This pathway led us in a short time to Alexander's Khan, where tradition says the Macedonian hero was buried. Tradition and history are, however, at discount here; but if the body of Alexander was really removed from Babylon to Alexandria, is it not curious that Severus is described as immediately on his arrival at the former city *sealing up* the hero's tomb, which had been impiously broken open by the Barbarians? We spent the early part of the night within the walls of the khan, reposing upon the stone-work raised in its centre for the Muhammedans to pray upon, by which we avoided many of the inconveniences of the sheltered and dirty alcoves.

We started again at early dawn, and passing a canal, came to the mounds of Toheibáh, by some considered as constituting the north-east boundary of ancient Babylon. Beyond this, we stopped for breakfast at Khán Nassariyeh, where was a village amid a grove of date trees, and thence passing another khan and canal, we came upon a great mound of sun-dried bricks, designated as that of Bâbel, by the natives—a name which, according to Buckingham, is also sometimes given to the mound of the Kâsr, or palace. It is also sometimes called Mukalib, "the overthrown, or overturned."

The sensation experienced in finding myself on the summit of the

first of the gigantic mounds of ancient Babylon, from whence I could discern nothing around me, but a succession of similar masses of every shape and size, ruins of a city which has now only a home in the imagination, were of a very mixed character. Whatever had been my previous expectations, I more than found them realized, by the size and solidity and the immensity of labour, contained in these great piles and platforms thus artificially raised upon the plain; yet, I could not help mingling with this feeling some disappointment, at there not being some more perfect traces of the principal structures of this once mighty city.

It is true that a few great mounds, loftier, better defined, and somewhat more insulated than the others, if they do not indicate the extent of ancient Babylon, may at least be supposed to have belonged to its more distinguished portions, and to be the remains of the palaces and temples so renowned in antiquity; but these were by no means really so insulated and distinct as I had been led to opine from previous descriptions, the whole face of the country around was covered with vestiges of buildings, and with such a number of mounds of rubbish of indeterminate figures, variety, and extent, as to involve the person who begins to theorize, in inextricable confusion. The shapeless heaps on which the traveller gazes, cannot suggest in any degree either the nature or object of the structures of which they are the relics, and what is equally remarkable, no two authors, as Rich and Porter, who after long toil and trouble have ventured upon a description of these mounds, have agreed in their account of their dimensions, or in the more simple facts of their co-relation.

The first or most northerly mound would by its name, be one of the most interesting of the Babylonian ruins. Where all is hypothesis and mere speculation, it may just as well lay claim to being the remnant of the tower of Babel, or the foundation of the temple of Bel, as any other mound, especially if so indicated by tradition.

This mound has indeed already been considered by Pietro della Valle and Rennell, as the site of the temple of Bel; a theory, however, which is combated by both Rich and Porter, who identify that temple with the Bir's Nimrúd, although fifteen miles from the mound, designated as that of Babel.

It is a curious fact, as illustrative of the Arabian name of Mukalib, or the overthrown, sometimes given to the mound of Babel, and according to Rich, also sometimes applied to the Kásr, or palace, that although such a catastrophe is not alluded to in Holy Writ, that the profane historian Josephus, relates upon the testimony of a sibyl (which Rollin remarks, must have been very ancient, and whose fictions cannot be imputed to the indiscreet zeal of any Christians) that the gods threw down the tower of Babel by an impetuous wind or a violent hurricane. Now, with regard to the temple of Bel, which rose upon the same mound, it is related by Newton from Vitringa, that it was burnt and destroyed by the Parthians; and the surface of the mound of Babel is covered with scorix, burnt bricks, bricks vitrified with bitumen, and glazed by fusion with the same, while it is well known that the gigantic ruins of Bir's Nimrúd present every appearance of having been destroyed by lightning. A temple of Bel may, however, also have existed at Birs, or Bursif, (the Borsippa of the Romans,) and that after the destruction of the temple at Babylon; for Pliny mentions that there existed a temple of Jupiter Belus long after the destruction



of Babylon, and which was at a greater distance from Seleucia; a statement which led the learned commentators on Pliny, in Pancoucke's edition, to assume that the latter temple existed at Bâlis, on the Euphrates, altogether inconsistent with the distance given of that temple from Seleucia by the Roman historian.

The argument most dwelt on, by those who identify the Bir's Nimrûd with the temple of Bel, of Babylon, and not of Bursif, is, that the mound of Babel is formed of sun-dried bricks, whereas the temple is said to have been constructed of burnt bricks; but the mound as now existing, can only be viewed in the light of a great platform, like that of Persepolis, as indeed it is viewed by Sir R. Kerr Porter, on which the other building or buildings stood. We know from the historian Arrian, that after the destruction of the temple of Belus, Alexander employed 10,000 men to remove the ruins, which they were not able to do after two months labour, such was their extent.

Another and less plausible theory which has been advanced upon the northerly great mound of Babylon is founded upon its Arab etymology, which is sometimes given as Mujalib, plural of Jalib—"a slave;" and expressive, when adjectively used in Mujalibah, as the "home of the captives;" and whence it might be supposed that this was some great dwelling appropriated to the captive Israelites. This theory is rather curiously illustrated by another name, also given by the natives to the same mound—viz., that of Harût and Marût, from a tradition, as narrated by D'Herbelot, that near the foot of the ruin there is an invisible pit, where the rebellious people are hung with their heels upwards until the day of judgment.\*

About a mile from the mound of Babel is another set of mounds, connected together by a broad ridge, like a causeway, and also flanked by an embankment along the river. The same mounds are embraced to the eastward by a low series of mounds, extending from a point about two miles north of Hillâh, for a distance of nearly three miles towards the south-east corner of Babel. The direction of these mounds is, however, so indefinite, that they have been looked upon by Rich as circularly disposed, and by Porter as two straight lines converging to an angle. We are inclined to look upon them as Buckingham does, as embracing the space and buildings which, according to Diodorus and Strabo, were surrounded by three walls, of which the external was sixty stadia, or six miles, in circuit.

There are two great massive mounds contained within this space; the northerly one is about 700 yards in width and breadth, and has, from a ruin on its summit, been designated the Kâsr, or palace. This mound is the most remarkable of the Babylonian ruins, from the apparently superior character of its buildings. The bricks were moulded, burned, and ornamented with inscriptions, and fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthenware, marble, beautifully varnished tiles, sepulchral urns, and even sculptures have been found there. On its summit is a pile

\* There is still another Babylonian structure which the Mukalîb might represent, and which has not yet been suggested by travellers. This is the sepulchre of Bel, variously looked upon as the father of Nimrod, and as Nimrod himself. It is well known that Darius I. overthrew that structure in his stratagem to gain the city, and this mound stands at the very point where the Euphrates would have passed the walls to flow between the two palaces. It was a structure of much pretension, and Strabo calls it "an admirable work." Mr. Rich's researches tend to shew, that like the pyramids of Egypt, this huge mound was also a sepulchral monument.

of building consisting of walls and piers which face the cardinal points, eight feet in thickness, in some places ornamented with niches, and in others strengthened by pilasters and buttresses, built of fine burnt brick. Not far from this ruin, the officers of the expedition had discovered, a few days before our arrival, a rude sculpture of colossal dimensions, and much mutilated, which had been called a lion by Rich, but which they agreed in considering as an elephant, of which the trunk was broken off. On this mound is also a solitary tamarisk tree, which I was the first to determine to be a species frequent in Persia, but not growing on the banks of the Euphrates. An interesting fact, as shewing, whether sprung from a seed or roots of the old hanging gardens or not, that still it, or its ancestors, were originally transported to this spot. To this tree tradition relates that Ali, the prophet of the Shütes, tied his horse after the battle of Hilláh.

The next great mound within the enclosure, is called Amrán, from a small-domed building upon its summit, said to be the tomb of "Amrán the son of Ali." The figure of this mound approaches that of a quadrangle, and has been much dug into in the search for bricks, amulets, and other antiquities; it is separated from the Kásr by a valley covered with tufts of rank grass, and crossed by a low ridge of ruins. This, which is called a causeway by Buckingham, may be the ruins of a bridge, which succeeded to the sub-aquatic tunnel of Semiramis. The Kásr and Amrán mounds are also separated from the river embankment, by a winding valley and ravine, the bottom of which, like that of the ravine between the two mounds themselves, is covered either with saline plants or nitrous efflorescences, and apparently never had any buildings in it.

All travellers have recognised in these ruins the probable remains of some of the palaces of Babylon; but a difficulty arose from the recorded fact that the two palaces renowned in antiquity, stood upon opposite sides of the river. This difficulty would be obviated if we admitted with Rennell that the Euphrates was brought to flow between the two mounds, when the Kásr would represent the western, and the Amrán the eastern palace—the one the old, the other the new palace, to which were attached the hanging gardens. Porter, probably from the connecting mound, which, as previously observed, may be the ruins of a fallen bridge, considers this idea of the river's course as totally chimerical. There is, however, much to be said in its favour; and besides that it is supported by actual appearances, it would serve to explain many facts connected with the history of the sieges of Babylon, and of the disposition of its ruins.

Besides the ruins here described, there are several other lofty mounds which rise up and around upon the plain of Babylon. The two most remarkable of these are the Birs Nimrúd, and the mound called Al Heimár, both having on their summits the usual structures of brick-work, like the Akka Kúf, probably the local temples of Babylonian cities long gone by. The Birs Nimrúd has been looked upon by many as the real Babel. It is a venerable ruin, which seen against the clear sky, never fails to excite a sentiment of awe, and is the more remarkable for its utter loneliness. By the name, which is not Arabic, and from the circumstance of the distance of the Birs from the Babylonian mounds, strictly speaking, I have identified this ruin with the temple of Bursif of the Chaldeans, and the Borsippa of Strabo,



who places it fifteen miles from Babylon;\* and where Nabonnedus flying from Cyrus shut himself up, or was imprisoned. It was a famous manufacturing town of the Chaldeans, and it was from the Birsæan looms that were obtained the richest clothes used in Babylon, and dyed in Tyrian purple. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Frazer, who has discussed the various theories and hypotheses which have been advanced regarding the ruins at Babylon, without bias or any wish to dogmatize upon what will probably never be satisfactorily determined, has nevertheless inclined towards this view of the subject. "The distance," he says, "which we find between the Birs and the Kâsr, can never be made to correspond with that which would appear to have existed between these celebrated edifices according to every description of Babylon that has reached our times." If we admit the mound of Al Heimâr, as is done by many, as among the ruins of Babylon, the obstacles to including the Birs among the same ruins are increased; the only difficulty Mr. Fraser could not get over was, "if the Birs be pronounced a relic of Borsippa, where are we to look for the temple of Belus?" this has been hypothetically answered in the previous details.

A peculiarity which cannot fail to strike every traveller, when roaming among the ruins of Babylon, is the very remarkable fulfilment of the prediction, that it should become the home of the wild beasts of the desert, and that doleful creatures should take up their abode there. There is, indeed, scarcely a cave or hollow at which the traveller is not repelled at the entrance by the stench of wild beasts. At sunset, the loneliness and silence of the neighbourhood is broke upon by the piteous and unpleasant calls of hyænas, wolves, and jackalls. The rubbish everywhere reveals lizards, scorpions, and centipedes; porcupines live in the rents and fissures, bats cling to the crumbling walls, and owls sit moping all day long on the same ruined fragment. Rich further mentions that the Arabs told him of the existence of satyrs (no doubt monkeys), which they hunted with dogs, and eat the lower part, abstaining from the upper portion, on account of its resemblance to the human figure.

Hillâh is a large Arab town, occupying both sides of the river, the bazaars being on the left bank, and the castellated mansion of the Turkish governor, with the large portion of habitations on the right. The population, I should think, exceeds 15,000; being chiefly Arab, with a sprinkling of Christian and Jewish traders and Turk officials. The two towns are united by a bridge, and the steamer was brought to in front of the governor's residence. The Arabs of Hillâh, although residing in a town, were many of them Bedwins from the desert, and they had shewn much jealousy at the arrival of the steamer there: their anger venting itself against our Arab pilot, without whose assistance they thought we should never have been able to find our way so far. The poor man was accordingly kept out of the way till the morning of our departure, when he was to go ashore, as previously arranged, under the protection of the governor. The revengeful Arabs had, however, watched their opportunity; and one of them rushed at him, in the transit between the vessel and the castle, and nearly killed him with a blow of his war-hatchet. Luckily for us, the steam was just up; and such was the indignation felt at this gross

\* Researches, &c. p. 167.

outrage, that every one prepared himself for active retaliation. We had left on shore Mr. Ross, of the Baghdad residency, who had accompanied our party from that city, and he came alongside the ship, to inform Colonel Chesney that the Arabs were arming, which, indeed, was easily visible, for the dense crowd that lined the shore had disappeared; and only here and there the Arabs were seen in their dusty cloaks, skulking from house to house, or taking up a position behind some crumbling wall, or fence of date-branches. The governor had ordered the bridge to be thrown open, so that there was no communication except in their circular little gopher-boats, between the two parts of the town.

Quitting the banks, where our position was most unfavourable to dictate terms, or to engage, if necessary, the steamer sped its way down the channel, and passed through the bridge. Observing this, and thinking that we were going away, the Arabs came out of their vantage position, and lined the banks, forming a dense body of musketeers, several thousands in number, and extending nearly a mile along the river. Their triumphant shouts of defiance rang through the date-groves, and from side to side of the broad Euphrates. "There are a good many of them," I quietly remarked to the Colonel, who was standing near me, on the quarter-deck. It was, perhaps, the first word that had been spoken since we left the bank, for every one was too intent on his duty to find time for conversation. "The more we shall have to kill," answered the Colonel; a rare mode of speech with him, who was always so favourable to the Arabs, and most particularly opposed to quarrelling or fighting with them; but perhaps he did it, as he thought, to keep up my spirits. Orders to bring the steamer about, and turn her head up the stream, were now given; and to our great satisfaction, and to the infinite surprise of the dusky warriors who lined the banks, the black (Eblis) looking ship, now took her way up against the current, with almost the same facility that she had gone down the stream, and again passing the bridge, took up a commanding position in mid-waters between the hostile parties. This was one of the most interesting moments that had occurred during the navigation of the river; we had never been opposed to such a number, and that on both sides of us, and we waited in intense anxiety for the commencement of hostilities. But the Arabs had triumphed too soon; they saw the advantage of our position; they had been drawn, by ignorance of the steamer's power to stem the current, from out of their cover; they knew that we had great guns on board, and not a musket was lifted against us. So, after a short pause, the ship was steered up to the castle, and Colonel Estcourt and Mr. Rassam started on the rather dangerous mission of going ashore in a boat, but they landed in safety; and gaining the governor's presence, assured themselves, first, that the guilty parties had been made prisoners of; and secondly, that they should be sent for trial to the Pasha of Baghdad, so that justice would be done under the eye of the British authorities. This was most positively engaged to be done by the Turkish governor; and we then quitted the city, where, previous to this untoward event, much friendly intercommunication had existed between the ship's crews and the natives, more especially the Christian and Jewish traders; and a good feeling had been established, which happily, from after experience, we found that the savage conduct of a few Bedwins was not able to destroy.



## THE HEIRESS OF RABY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

IN Raby Hall sits the heiress of the lands of Raby, with the sunlight streaming through the latticed-windows upon a brow and cheek, which, from that rich glow, take all they own of colour. Pale is that cheek—pale with thought and care! Sad is that brow—sad with the sickness of the heart! The heiress of Raby is young, and beautiful, and rich; her home is fair; her wide domains are such as might dower a princess.

Noble is the hall of Raby; the lofty ceiling is rich with costly painting; the carving of the oaken cornice is wondrous to behold; the sunlight gleams upon its burnished gilding; the gay compartments of the walls are traced by wreaths of carved and gilded flowers; in each recess some mirror dazzles, or some matchless picture charms the eye;—the wealth of ages is lavished upon that room. In the centre of one side of the apartment, the huge fire-place was bright with polished marble; the mantel-piece was surrounded with flowers and figures, carved, and standing forth in high relief—the compartments being filled up with exquisite paintings—this mantel-piece was loaded with splendid porcelain, while above it, smiling from the massive frame, shone the sweet face of a Madonna—each tint, each touch, telling of the hand of Raphael. The whole apartment was surrounded with evidences of taste and wealth; the furniture was rich with velvet, burning with gold; the carpet, soft as softest turf, painted of a thousand colours, admitted not the sound of a footfall; luxurious couches, massive tables, all that was requisite for comfort, and all that could add to effect, were crowded into this gay chamber. On the opposite side to the fire-place, rose to the ceiling four stately windows, in deep recesses, the stained glass latticed-paned. Through these the sunbeams shone; through these came that warm sunset glow, touching, with heaven-born tints, the sweet face of the Madonna, tinging the sad, upturned brow, tinging the white hollow cheek of the *one* who owned all this.

Gazing forth from these stately windows, she looked into the beauty and the pomp of her own broad domains, her well-trimmed gardens, her sweeping lawns, her noble woods waving in the distance, the shining of the rolling river, the glory of the far-off sea! Her eyes were filled with tears; she saw not the beauty and the pomp before her; for *her* no sunbeams shone; for *her* purple lights were dim—the glory had departed!

The orphan-heiress loved, and he she loved was far away. Away, she knew not where. Danger was around his path. Danger, and the dread of death—proscribed—an outlawed man! Wilfred de Winston lurked in secret places—a price upon his head! For he had joined the followers of the rash and misguided Monmouth, in whose short-lived success he had shared, with whom he had suffered defeat, with whom he had fled, and whose fate of captivity he had narrowly escaped! Monmouth went to a shameful death—the doom of a traitor; and Wilfred, with money offered for his blood, was hiding in woods and caves, in the hourly dread of detection! Wonder not that Isabel was sad, and pale, and tearful, for weeks had passed, and she knew not aught of Wilfred. The grief that knows—assured, inevitable—strikes

at the very roots of life and happiness—is scarcely worse to bear than that suspense which holds the heart upon a constant rack of torture and of doubt. Compared to this suspense, the certainty of ill is almost repose. Dreadful may be the blow; but at least, the worst is known. So with Isabella; the torments of hope deferred—the anguish of well-founded fear,—these ate into her very soul, stealing, day by day, her beauty and her bloom away. For she was beautiful indeed. And even *now*, with that white cheek and trembling lip, that clouded brow, and those tear-laden eyes, is she not most lovely?

The sunlight fades, the twilight comes apace, the purple mists are on the river, the streak of light grows faint upon the sea, the gloom is gathering round her brow, is deep within her heart. Suddenly, she rises to her feet—her quick ear has caught the distant sound of coming hoofs; the clatter of a flying steed grows nearer and more near; she hears it in the windings of the road—now rising with the rising wind—now sinking with the sinking blast—now loud across the open heath—now lost and deadened amid the thick trees of the park. Nearer and more near it comes. How wildly beats her heart. It dies from the hard road; it is again renewed upon the softer gravel of the avenue to Raby Hall. The horseman rides for Raby, and rides in haste. He may bring her tidings of her lover. Nay, her lover may himself be near.

“Lights! lights!” she cries; and lights are brought. “Open the door!—open! and that soon! One comes in haste! and he may bring me tidings! Throw wide the gate, and let the stranger enter!” And the stranger entered. Springing from his weary steed, he rushed into the hall—another moment, Isabella was in his arms! No stranger, but Wilfred de Winston!

The first warm greetings over, Wilfred seated himself by her side; he took her hand in his; he gazed upon her face, that face which to him had been the star of happier years, and which, in waning lustre, still looked with unchanged truth upon his waning fortunes.

Wilfred was apparently about thirty years of age, with a face most beautiful in feature and in hues, but wearing a wild recklessness of expression meet for one of such desperate fortunes, such blighted hopes and efforts. *Now*, his face was pale and wan, but his eye was full of fire unquenched—full, as it turned upon her, of an undiminished love.

“I have come, Isabel, to say farewell. I go upon a journey, from which there is no returning. Long is the way—dark, and untrodden; and I must go alone,—and ere I go, I would say farewell.”

“Nay, Wilfred, thou goest not alone. Whither thou fleest, there flee I also. We have been parted; but it shall be for the last time. We part no more.”

“It must be so, Isabella. Listen to my tale—brief the space I have to spare—but those last moments shall be given to thee. Listen to my tale:—

“For long weeks have I hidden amid woods and rocks, looking momentarily for capture or death. A price is on my head; and the searchers for blood have been unwearied in their efforts. Many a time have I seen them pass the spots where I have been concealed, so closely, that I might have touched them, often dragging in their bonds some wretched comrade of mine, who had been less fortunate than myself in his choice of hiding-place. And often have I longed for *one* only of these hunters after men to cross my path, that, hand to



hand, fighting bravely, I might cast away the life of which I was weary. Well, but sickening of this miserable existence, I resolved to make one effort for liberty, for hope, for happiness. I have cast all upon the die, and I have lost! Entering the town of Somerton by night, I proceeded to a house where I believed I should be safe. I procured this dress—the costume of a plain country gentleman. I remained concealed until towards the close of day. I then purchased a horse of my landlord, and rode boldly from the town. So calm and unconcerned was my bearing, that the few soldiers of the king's army remaining in the town did not dare to stop me, taking me, no doubt, for some loyal adherent of the government riding towards Bridgewater on business with the court then sitting. I had but one intent in this conduct—it was to visit *thee*. I hoped we might have fled together to the sea-coast, and thence found shipping for some distant land. But all is in vain: I was discovered. I believe, betrayed by my entertainer in Somerton. The hell-hounds of the chase are on my track. Another hour, and we shall be for ever parted!"

Isabella started to her feet. "Fly, Wilfred!—fly! At least, conceal thyself. They will not seek thee here. Or let us fly into the woods. Stay not thus, in the very face of danger!" And she glanced towards the windows, through which, still enclosed, the trembling moonbeams streamed upon the floor, mingling with the yellow light of the tapers around the room.

"'Tis too late, the house is already surrounded. I saw the men behind me defiling into the park and towards the shrubberies, as I dashed into the avenue. They are on foot, and come but slowly. But they are sure of their prey. They know I cannot leave thy lands without falling among the dragoons now on the patrol. I am in a trap—caught at last. Concealment—flight—might delay, cannot now prevent, the fate that must be mine. Let me with thee linger to the last. Oh!" he added, springing from his seat, and flinging his arm wildly upwards—"Oh! to die thus—*thus*, in the very dawn of life—with so much happiness within my grasp—so beloved—so full of love—to lose *all*! 'Tis indeed bitter! Would that I had never been!—would that we had never met! Oh, Isabella! I fear thou wilt suffer much for me—thou wilt not soon forget thy Wilfred! Would to God, for *thy* sake, dearest, we had *never* met!"

Motionless as a statue, pale—pale as marble—with clasped hands, and wild, staring eyes, she gazed upon him. Only did she murmur—"Is there *no* resource?" And all he said was—"There is none."

But other sounds came upon the night air which moans so sadly round the Hall of Raby; and that white streak of moonlight which trembles on the floor is darkened by a shadow crossing it from without. Twice did the shadow pass. Both saw it as it swept in silence by—the herald of a coming doom! Then rose the storm, shrieks, and shouts, and imprecations, loud demands for admittance—threats, clamours, violence. No admittance was afforded them; the terrified domestics awaited the orders of their mistress; and *she* seemed turned to stone. But the iron bolts gave way, the heavy staples yield, the ponderous door falls inward with a crash.

The soldiers of the king are in the hall and passages—are in that noble room—arms and uniforms are glittering in the mingled lights—scarlet, steel, and gold. Through the window streams the moonlight,

touching crest and corslet, drawn sword, and gleaming helm. From the golden lamps, from the waxen tapers, nearer beams are shed, lighting each war-worn visage, each remorseless brow, while crest and corslet, drawn sword and gleaming helm, dark face and war-worn brow, flash back from countless mirrors, each shape a hundred times repeated. Loud were their voices as they entered the room; but in a moment, all is hushed in wonderment and pity. No fierce rebel waits with weapon bared to fight for life and liberty,—only two lovers, clasped in mute embrace, kneel on the painted floor.

The leader advances. “Yield thyself, De Winston! In the king’s name we make thee prisoner!”

Up rises Isabella, bursting from her lover’s arms. “Spare him—spare him! Let him go free, and all I have is thine!”

Eagerly she turns towards the commander—turns from De Winston—who, still upon his knees, heeds not aught. “Spare him—spare him! Let us go hence in peace, and all I have is thine!”

Sadly that stern leader gazed in her face. He lays his hand upon her arm. “Lady, ’tis too late.” He draws her on one side, he points to the floor—*there* the life-blood is already red; and as she turns, her lover, who had fallen upon his sword, rolls lifeless to her feet!—no, not lifeless, sense and feeling yet remain, though both are ebbing fast away. Still, as she kneels, in anguish by his side, he lifts his eyes to hers—still, by mute gesture, or by broken murmurs, shews forth his dying love. His head is on her breast—with his passing breath, her heavy sighs are mingled. His eyes, death-swimming, speak deeper anguish as they meet the anguish in the eyes above. Vainly she strives to stanch the gushing life-blood—her long dark hair is dabbled in the crimson stream. But the death-swimming eyes grow fixed and glassy—the blood more slowly flows—the hand, so cold and damp, relaxes in its rigid grasp—the breath is ceasing—now, hath wholly ceased! Down rolls that heavy weight upon the floor—down sinks Isabella, her face upon his breast. Then they raise them: they bear her to her couch,—they bear him to his grave!

Through the long night—the long, long, weary night—rose her loud, fearful cries; the weeping maidens gather round their mistress; those sounds bring thought and sadness even to that rude band of soldiers; they thrill with horror the pale watchers by the dead!

But for that spirit’s agony there cometh a rest at last—the struggle and the conflict shall soon be over—soon shall cease those bitter sobs—those heart-rending shrieks. Faint grow the shrieks, more low the heavy sighs; now the faint shrieks are over; hushed the heavy sighs. And she is dying—she is dead! So rest—so rest at last, poor broken heart!

O’er *his* neglected grave the summer grass waves thickly—the winter snow lies deep. Over her stately rest, the groined roof is dim in awful height. Princes and nobles are beside her in her slumbers. Where she lieth alone in death, morning and night, that mighty fane fills with the voice of prayer. Morning and night its echoing aisles peal to rich choral music. But *he*, with nothing o’er him but the sky, with none beside him but the poor and lowly, with no sound near him but the rushing of the storm, or the low singing of the mourning wind, sleepeth as still a sleep.



## THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

LAMENT not for the vanish'd ! Earth to him  
Is now a faltering star, far off and dim,  
And Life a spectre, volatile and grim.

Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost !  
Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—  
Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—  
No tear!—for Death and He are parted now,  
And life sits thronèd on his conscious brow.

Oh, mourn not ! Yet remember what has been—  
How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,  
The pathways of his spirit always green !

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,  
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers ;—  
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers !

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind ;  
The gentle will to others' soon resign'd ;  
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—  
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,  
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

His soul was a vast sea, wide, clear, serene,  
Deep in whose breast the mirror'd Heaven was seen,  
Yet picturing Earth, and all her valleys green.

Fancy was his, and learning, and fine sense ;—  
Were these the secret of his power intense ?  
No, it was Love that gave him eloquence.

Sweet were his words ; the lark's song high above  
They rivall'd now, and now the forest-dove ;  
The various tones had one inspirer—Love !

His brow, illumined with the sage's fire,  
His voice, out-ringing like a poet's lyre—  
The aged heard a friend, the child a sire.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,  
He deem'd that love of God was best array'd  
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deem'd man's life no feverish dream of care,  
But a high pathway into freer air,  
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He shew'd how wisdom turns its hours to years,  
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,  
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,  
On whose far top an Angel stood and smiled—  
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple Child.

## MYSTERY.

A TRADITION OF TEMPLE-BAR.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

*Lovewit.* When saw you him?*Neighbour.* We saw him not this month. Pray God, he be not made away.*Lovewit.* Ha! It's no time to question then.*Neighbour.* About three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry, as I sate up.*Lovewit.* 'Tis strange that none will answer. What trade art thou?*Neighbour.* A smith, an't please your worship.*Lovewit.* Then lend me thy help to get this door open."—BEN JONSON.

"LONDON is once again before me!" soliloquized a travel-worn young man, as he stood on the summit of Highgate Hill, a little after dawn, on a clear September day, in the year 1746, and looked towards the metropolis, of which the form and extent were sharply defined in early transparent light. The morning mists, frequent in Autumn, had been cleared away by the uprising sun's horizontal beams; and these, striking against the dome of St. Paul's, revealed, with singular beauty of effect, the grace and majesty belonging to this portion of Wren's masterpiece.

"How noble, how holy," thought our traveller, "does that mighty cathedral look amidst the labyrinth of houses at its foot—towering over them as if in protection! From the serenity which wraps the vast city at present, one would little expect that in another hour its million chimneys will send up into the clear air their columns of black smoke, under whose canopy countless men will wake to the turmoil of business, or the riot of dissipation, or the pangs of want. Alas! how different are the thoughts that distract me now, from those by which I was animated in my former long visit to the capital! Let me not, however, think of that; but nerve myself to the fulfilment of a stern and ghastly purpose."

Having rested awhile—for, wishing to be alone on the road, he had journeyed all night on foot, and was weary—the young man resumed his course towards London, which he entered by Gray's Inn Lane; when, crossing Holborn, and passing down Chancery-lane, he reached Temple Bar. Here he stopped, and pressed his hands over his eyes, as if under the influence of some strong terror. At length, recovering himself, and summoning a kind of convulsive resolution, he gazed up shudderingly to the horrible spectacle on the summit of the gate—a row of three heads on iron poles, which had been severed from the bodies of some of the Manchester rebels, executed at Kennington, on the 30th of July, in the year of which we write. James Dawson, whose fate furnished Shenstone with the subject of a ballad, suffered at the same time.

The young man groaned in bitterness of heart, as he surveyed this grisly prospect. Seeing several people about with spy-glasses, which they let out to gratify the strange curiosity of those who wished to scan such horrid relics,\* he hired one of the telescopes, and, having

\* See an allusion to this practice, in Horace Walpole's Letter to George Montagu, Esq., dated Aug. 16, 1746.



looked intently through it for some time, heaved a deep sigh, wiped away the tears that had gathered in his eyes, returned the glass, paid the itinerant speculator, and struck up one of the narrow lanes, on the north-east side of Temple Bar. Here he engaged a furnished apartment, and procured food and repose—such repose, at least, as the excited state of his heart and soul would permit.

His landlord, a venerable personage, insisted on waiting on him; and he was much pleased by the unremitting attentions of this individual, though to others, perhaps, such assiduities might have seemed like prying. On his host demanding the name of his lodger, the young man called himself Andrew Lidiard; and, in return, the former designated himself as Gervas Estridge. Our new acquaintances soon became intimate; and for the first few days, conversed with each other, hour after hour.

But a change ensued in the manner of their intercourse. Persons of the same religious persuasion soon detect each other's faith; and none are readier in this kind of recognition than Roman Catholics, whose expressions, tenour of thought, allusions, adjurations, &c., speedily make them known to their brethren. Thus it was with our landlord and his lodger; and no small comfort was afforded to the latter when he discovered that he was located in the house of a popish priest. This complacency, however, was not shared by the reverend personage himself; who, instead of associating more than ever with his inmate, as might have been expected upon learning his faith, grew strange to him, though the young man was never absent from home except after night-fall.

"I like not this papistical lodger of mine," ruminated Estridge, one wild and boisterous night, about a fortnight after Lidiard had taken up his abode in London; "it behoved me to keep clear of Roman Catholics. Would he had never come hither! The extravagant price I asked for my rooms, I hoped would deter any one from taking them. Lidiard, however, made no question about terms; but paid me at once, absurdly large as the sum was, a month's rent in advance. He must have some strong motive for coming to this spot. Would the month was up! I'll then get rid of him. He is not safe company. Can he be here in disguise? His manner and his dress are not consistent. I fear him. Shall I leave my house? No! 'Twould be madness! No other dwelling in London contains such — Ah! is not that his footstep on the stairs?"

A gentle tap was heard at the room door. "Come in!" said Estridge.

The person who entered was not Lidiard, as the priest expected, but a female servant who, since her girlhood, had lived with Father Estridge. She was now about three-and-twenty years of age—a lumpish, half-idiotic sort of woman, whom incessant watchfulness and perpetual scheming had gifted with cunning.

"So, Rachael," said Estridge, "you are come home at last. I am sorry, my girl, you should have been out in such weather. I'm right glad to see you back. Tell me everything."

"You'd a' seen me afore, master, had there been any danger," returned the girl, running her front finger along the edge of her bonnet to throw off the rain-drops that hung there.

"I know it, good Rachael," rejoined Estridge.

"I was close upon their heels, all the time," continued the girl. "They went into a good many houses; but when they asked at the chandler's-shop down the court, who 'twas as lived in our house, and was told as 'twas an old man as letted lodgings, they didn't want to know no more, and scoured right away. I was buying of a piece of bacon all the time they was axing their questions at the shop, so they never suspected nothing of me."

"Well done, Rachael," returned the priest; "now you perceive the wisdom of my offering to let lodgings. Still, it is a daring thing, and may involve much risk. Do you know, my girl, I'm not exactly easy about this lodger of ours. He evidently distrusts *us*, for he has placed a new lock on one of the closets in his room."

"Oh, there's no harm in he," responded Rachael. "If I thought there was——"

"Well, well, you are a faithful creature," interrupted the priest. "Now go and change your clothes. You are wet through."

The woman disappeared, and left Estridge to resume his cogitations about Lidiard. He paced for some minutes up and down his room. At length, his apprehensions seemed to be somewhat relieved. "After all," thought he, "my dread of this young stranger may be vain. Nothing is so perversely ingenious as fear in conjuring up false phantoms. God send the present may be so! Yet, what is it that tempts this Lidiard out to his night-perambulations? Fool that I am! I can perhaps know that, and everything else which may be necessary to me, if I draw him to confession in my character of priest. I will try it this very night. He will hardly sally forth in such desperate weather. The tempest is increasing; the rain comes down in torrents; the lightning grows more quick, more dazzling, more perilous; and, hark! the dreadful thunder smites our roof, as though it would hammer it to fragments. It is very late. Lidiard *must* be in his room. I will even now go to him, and endeavour to fathom his secret."

With this view, Father Estridge repaired to Lidiard's apartment. Having knocked, and received no answer, he opened the door, and walked in. No one was there. The terrors of the night had not kept the young man in door. "I will sit up for him," ejaculated Estridge, "though he has the means of admitting himself. If possible, I will tempt him to repose confidence in me."

Estridge accordingly remained for upwards of an hour on the watch, when hearing the outer door opened, he presented himself in the passage, and kindly accosted Lidiard as he entered, enveloped in his cloak. The young man fell back for a moment as he saw his host; but, soon recovering composure, he passed along the passage, and would have ascended the stairs to his own chamber, had he not been stopped by his landlord.

"What, not a single word of greeting, and on such a night, too!" exclaimed Estridge. "As I knew you were out in this commotion of the elements, I have remained up to receive you, and to administer to your comforts."

"Thank you," replied the young man; "but all I want to-night is my bed."

"You have not supped, I dare say," returned Estridge; "for you look pale and exhausted. I am sure you need refreshment. Come to my room; you will there find food and a fire."



"I do not need them," said Lidiard. "Let me pass, I beg."

"Come," pursued the priest, laying his hand on Lidiard's arm, "do not thus cast off the well-meant offices of a friend. Depend on it, you will sleep the better after being refreshed with meat and drink."

"Let me pass, I say!" thundered the young man, impatiently pushing his host aside, and rushing up the stairs to his own room. Estridge was about to follow him, when he heard the door of his lodger's chamber locked.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" thought Estridge. "His absence till such an hour on such a night—his perturbation—his determination to be alone, are all unaccountable; and the roughness of his manner to me personally, bodes no good. I am all impatience—all apprehension. But I must endeavour to lull my disquietude for the remainder of the night."

With this reflection, the priest retired to his bed, though not to sleep.

In the morning, the whole neighbourhood of Temple Bar was in commotion. One of the heads on the gate was missing, and conjecture was at a loss to account for its disappearance. That it should be displaced, could not be attributed to the turbulence of the preceding night; for the violent thunder and lightning had been accompanied by very little wind, and neither of the other heads were in the least shaken from their position. Besides, they had only recently been fixed on the spikes, and were so firmly placed as not to be easily dislodged. Inquiry was made in every direction; but no information could be gained. One of the neighbours, indeed, a drunken fellow, pretended that as he was returning home at a late hour, he had seen, or imagined he had seen, during a flash of lightning, a tall, dim figure on the summit of the gate; but the gleam was only momentary, and the quickly-succeeding darkness veiled the object from his view. This story was not believed, especially as the authority was so doubtful; it was held to be one of those marvellous relations incident to every unaccountable event. How, indeed, could any person scale such a place as the Bar without ladders? and had ladders been used, the watchmen must have seen them. That the head could nowhere be found, was certain; but the ghostly story of the tall, dim figure on the summit of the gate, obtained no credence. It was evidently the morning dream of a drunkard. Young Lidiard appeared as busy as others in endeavouring to fathom the mystery; but investigation was fruitless.

The circumstance, however, in a few days was almost forgotten, except by Estridge, to whom it caused considerable alarm. His uneasiness visibly increased, and he estranged himself more and more from his lodger. This was attributed by Lidiard to resentment at the impetuous conduct he had shewn to his host on the night of the storm, when exhaustion and weariness had overcome his usual good manners; and he watched for an opportunity to make some apology for his rudeness. But all his applications for an interview were met by excuses that the priest was engaged in spiritual matters, or was not at home. Lidiard, therefore, trusted that chance would furnish the means of reconciliation.

One afternoon, while taking his dinner at a tavern, the young man, who was now more frequently abroad during day-time, saw in the *Gazette* a reward offered for the apprehension of a man who had com-

mitted felony. The minute description of the delinquent's person and age (thirty-five years) arrested Lidiard's attention; and it was moreover stated, that the accused was supposed to be concealed either in London, or its vicinity. One of the objects which drew Lidiard to town was to hunt out a man whose personal characteristics, as they had been stated to him, were identical with those in the advertisement. It was not, however, in reference to this felony that Lidiard desired to find the person in question; a far different motive instigated him; and he was resolved, if possible, to see the fugitive before he should be captured by the officers of the law. But what measures could he adopt to approach an individual so closely concealed?

"Shall I consult my landlord?" thought Lidiard. "He is a man who, from his advanced age, must have seen much of the world. As the fugitive is of our own religion, Estridge may be the means of bringing us together. I'll try him; that is, if he'll give me an interview, which his late reserved and distant conduct almost forbids me to hope."

Resolving, however, to make the attempt, Lidiard procured a copy of the *Gazette*, returned to his lodgings, and having sent a pressing request to Estridge, was, after a time, summoned by Rachael to the priest's sitting-room.

"I have intruded on you, reverend Sir," said the young man, as he went into the priest's presence, "to ask your counsel on a matter touching which I feel great anxiety. But first, let me crave pardon for my rudeness on the night when you were so good as to sit up for me, and when your proffered civilities were uncourteously repelled. Your charity, I hope, will find some palliation for my conduct in the fatigue I then suffered, and in my long exposure to the roughest weather I was ever out in. Forgive me, I pray."

"Enough," replied the priest, extending his hand, which the other grasped. "Let us not again advert to the subject. In what way can I now serve you?"

"You have, no doubt, noticed," pursued Lidiard, "that I am a stranger in London, and that I pass my time solitarily. Perhaps, you may have wondered what brings me hither. I will tell you. I have an anxious and pressing motive to trace out an individual, who I believe is lurking somewhere in this great wilderness of houses. Like you and I, he is of the Romish church; and it has occurred to me that, in your priestly character, you may have a much wider circle of acquaintance among the limited number of adherents to our persecuted faith at present in London, than a mere layman can boast."

"Very likely," responded Estridge. "But who is the man of whom you are in search?"

"Why, I am sorry to say, his fame is not very good at present," replied Lidiard. "In this paper," he continued, handing the *Gazette* to Estridge, "you will see not only the offence he is charged with, and that he now goes by the name of Brabant, but a statement of his religion, and a description of his person."

Estridge took the paper, and read the advertisement two or three times attentively, as if he would get it by heart. "I know this man," said he. "For what purpose do you require to see him?"

Lidiard paused for some little time. At length he said in rather a tremulous voice, "Why, it seems that he has been hunted from place



to place, perhaps by protestant malignity. The charge of felony may be trumped up against him. The persecution of bigotry is without limit. I would bring him rest."

The priest scanned his lodger's features as though he would look into his very soul. "Good!" said he. "You shall see Brabant to-morrow evening at this time."

"Where?" eagerly demanded Lidiard.

"Here," replied the priest. "That Brabant is unhappy, I have long perceived; though I cannot believe he has sinned so deeply as this paper states. I will bring him to confession. Whatever may be his guilt, much or little, he must not want for spiritual comfort; after which, you may, if it be in your power, fulfil your views by insuring his secular repose."

"Leave that to me, good father," rejoined Lidiard. "If you send him to my room after your sacred ministrations are over, it will be enough."

"It shall be done," replied Estridge. "You will now, my good friend, excuse me if I say, that business of an urgent nature requires me to be alone."

"Do not let me be a trespasser," said the young man, retiring. "Then I shall see you and Brabant to-morrow evening?"

"Yes; good night."

Lidiard returned to his own room, not a little excited by the prospect that the purpose of his visit to London was so near fruition. He sat some time in meditation. It grew late. The house was perfectly quiet. He lay down in his bed; but without offering up his usual prayers. The night passed without bringing him sleep; and he was glad when morning was sufficiently advanced for him to rise. Rachael placed his breakfast before him, but he could not eat; and though the girl watched him narrowly, his mind was too much pre-occupied to permit his noticing her keen scrutiny. Mid-day passed, and evening drew nigh. Lidiard sat at his window to watch for the approach of him whom he had been taught to expect. But no one came, nor did he see anything of Estridge. At length, tormented with suspense, he rang his bell, and brought Rachael to his room.

"Can I see your master?" inquired he.

"Master!" echoed the girl. "Why, bless you, Sir, master took and went out of town—a matter of ten miles off—very early this morning. Didn't you know it?"

"No, indeed," replied Lidiard. "He is gone for Brabant," thought he to himself. Then addressing Rachael, he said, "You expect him back every moment, don't you?"

"Dear me, no!" was the reply. "He is very poorly—very bad; and is gone into the country for change of air. He won't come home for a matter of three weeks."

Lidiard could hardly believe his ears. "Why," said he, "your master made an appointment with me for this very evening. Strange that he should depart without any explanation! Did he leave no message for me?"

"No," replied the girl.

"I fear I have acted unwisely," said Lidiard to himself, when Rachael had left the room. "I have played into Brabant's hands. It is evident to me that Estridge has gone to put his man on the alert.

What folly, what madness, could have possessed me to disclose my wish to any one? Curse on my stupidity! I have foiled myself!"

In such bitter reflections and self-upbraidings, the young man passed the time till after midnight. He thought not of going to bed, weary as the preceding night's sleeplessness had made him. As he sat wrapped in painful meditations, he heard a key turned stealthily in the street-door, followed by cautious footsteps along the passage, and down the kitchen stairs. "Who can this be at such an hour?" thought the young man. "Estridge? No. Why should he enter his own house like a night-thief? And yet let me not be too hasty in conclusions. He has played me falsely, that's evident. A man who commits one deception, will practise another. Who is this Estridge? A priest? I begin to doubt it. The manner of his life differs from that of every clergyman I have known. The story of his having gone into the country may be a lie of that sinister-looking wench. If I thought it was he who had just entered the house, I would confront him at all hazards, and rebuke his duplicity. Ay, and *I will go down, come what, come may,*" continued he, starting on his feet. "My ear traced the steps to the kitchen. Better anything than this bewildering suspense! If the stealthy visitant be indeed Estridge, I will never leave him till he has put Brabant in my power."

Lidiard now took off his shoes, and descended the stairs on tip-toe, till he arrived at the kitchen-door. Had it been locked, he was prepared, in the frenzy of his excitement, to burst it open. On turning the handle, however, the door gave way, and he entered. Estridge was, indeed, there; but though his aspect differed from that which he usually had, there was little difficulty in recognising him. A temporary bed was at his side; his coat and waistcoat were off; and a wig of grey hair lay on the table. Estridge, moreover, looked considerably younger than Lidiard had ever seen him.

Confounded as the man was, he sought to mask, by an indignant manner, the effect of his surprise at so sudden and unexpected an intrusion. "How dare you, sir," vociferated he to Lidiard, in a tone very different from what he had before assumed—"how dare you break in on my privacy in this way?"

"Mr. Estridge," said Lidiard, with forced calmness, between his set teeth, "you have deceived me in two things. Firstly, by promising I should meet you and Brabant this evening; and secondly, by instructing your servant to say you had gone to the country for three weeks. Sir, you are a liar—a mean liar!—your assumption of priesthood is also a lie. Nay, do not start, nor attempt to bully me, for worse sounds are yet to ring in your ears. Villain! I suspect, from your present appearance, that you are Brabant himself—though even that name is a shuffling alias!"

"Mr. Lidiard," returned Estridge, in a trembling and broken voice, "you talk wildly—you know not what you say."

"It is just possible, sir," responded the young man, "that I may be wrong in my surmise. If so, I will make a humble atonement, craving pardon at your very feet; for I am sadly bewildered with long suffering, and may be rash—very rash. God help me! But the matter may be tested, if you will come with me to my room."

"I will not be disturbed at my hour of rest," said Estridge. "Leave me, sir. I refuse to go with you."



"Then, by the heaven above us! I will drag you thither by the hair of your head! Mark me! I am desperate. If you would avoid the fatal acts of one goaded almost to madness—if you love your life, and are conscious that I accuse you wrongly—come with me, and do not tempt me to strangle you there where you sit."

"You hector in brave style," said Estridge, faintly; "but you forget that one man is as good as another."

"Wretch!" vociferated Lidiard, seizing the other by the throat, and lifting him from his chair with almost superhuman strength—"you must, you *shall*, come with me!"

"Loose your grasp, sir, and I will follow."

"Nay, you shall go *before* me. Out of my sight you do not pass, till you and I have had further discourse."

As the two men ascended the stairs, Rachael, who had overheard their loud altercation, followed them at a distance, and, on their entering Lidiard's room, planted herself at the door, and listened intently to what was going on. Faithful to her master, she had taken a loaded pistol, either to use herself, in case of extremity, or to put into Estridge's hands.

"Now," said Lidiard, heaving a deep sigh, when the door had closed on him and his landlord—"now, I will soon ascertain if my suspicion is correct." Taking a lamp from his table, he unlocked a closet, and drew a black cloth from an object placed there, when the head which had been taken from the summit of Temple Bar, was disclosed. "Look here! look here!" gasped he.

Estridge's eyes fell on the grim relic, which could easily be identified by a peculiar scar on the forehead, inflicted on the deceased when fighting, at the head of his regiment, against the butcher, Cumberland, for the miserable pretender. One glance was enough: Estridge's eye-lids dropped; his countenance changed; he shrieked with dismay; and sank on a seat, uttering incoherent exclamations of despair.

"I am right!" shouted Lidiard. "Thou art he! Murderer, your time is come! Here is a fearful witness of your treachery—sordid, base, degenerate treachery, for filthy gold! I am your victim's son. Ah, now you know *my* real name, as I know *yours*!"

"Mercy, mercy!" ejaculated Estridge, falling on his knees.

"You supplicate in vain," rejoined the young man, with features deformed by passion, and eyes glaring with an almost insane expression. "My father's spirit sees me, and demands a sacrifice. I have rescued his head from the infamy of public exposure, and will now wreak a bloody revenge on his destroyer. Had you not betrayed *him* who trusted in you, he might now be living. O, that I had been with him! See, how short-sighted is treachery! Abandoned by your party for perfidy, you have been driven to eke out a miserable existence by felonious practices; and unerring Fate has guided my blind steps to your very door. If you have grace to pray, pray now," he continued, brandishing a poniard; "for, by the blessed saints in heaven, you shall not live many minutes!"

Estridge was convulsed with terror. One chance, however, remained for escape. The door was suddenly thrown open from without by Rachael, and, darting towards it, Estridge received a pistol from the girl's hand. But, even thus armed, he dared not turn on his assailant; but, mad with the spasms of fear, rushed headlong down the stairs. Lidiard followed him at equal speed.

A dead silence ensued. The girl kept her post. Hour after hour did she remain in breathless agony. Nothing occurred to break the loneliness of the night.

At last, resolved to know the worst, she descended to the kitchen. The melancholy, ghost-like dawn, was making its first shivering approaches. It was a solemn hour for so dreadful a quest. No human being was there. She went to the outer door, and found it bolted inside. She next examined the parlours and the cellars. Like the rest, all was quiet and empty. She went again to Lidiard's room, and there her terror was increased on seeing the ghastly head. All was drear perplexity and horror!

Rachael remained at home the entire succeeding day; but as night came on, she abandoned the place over which a spell seemed to hover.

To the surprise of the neighbours, day after day passed, and Estridge's house was not unclosed, nor did a soul go in or come out. So strange a circumstance could not fail to become the subject of much wondering conversation; and at last, on application being made to a magistrate, the door was broken open, and the dwelling searched. Every room was furnished; but they were untenanted. What could it all mean? But the greatest surprise was the discovery of the head which had been stolen from the Bar. Extensive inquiry was made; though nothing to elucidate the mystery came to light; and for years the deserted house, and the Jacobite's head, furnished food for gossip and wonder, and for the speculations of writers in newspapers, of ballad-mongers, and of pamphleteers, some of whom ascribed the sudden disappearance of tenant, servant, and lodger, to the witchcraft of the scarlet lady of Babylon, and others to the personal agency of his Satanic majesty.

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About twenty years after the above event, as some workmen were excavating the ground near Temple Bar, for the purpose of making a sewer, they broke into a subterranean chamber curiously fashioned, and which, from the remains of an altar, had probably been used by recusants, as a hidden place of worship. In this apartment two skeletons were found; a rusty knife or dagger, and a pistol were lying beside them. On searching further, the men discovered a door made of strong quarterings filled with bricks on edge, firmly cemented, and evidently contrived to look like the wall, and elude observation. On pushing this, the rusty hinges gave way, and further examination shewed that the door had been formerly opened and closed by a spring. An entrance was now gained into other vaults, the course of which being pursued, led to the cellars belonging to a house in a court near Shire Lane. This house was identified as the one wherein the mysterious transaction of 1746 had occurred. It was supposed, therefore, that Estridge, knowing of this place of refuge, had taken the house which commanded it; and being pursued by Lidiard, had flown thither, though not quickly enough to gain the sanctuary so as to exclude his enemy. In this deep and hidden recess, the opponents had probably fallen by the hands of each other.\*

\* An old subterranean catholic chapel was lately discovered under a house in the city, which had most likely been used as a secret place of worship by recusants during the severe persecution of the papists. (See "The Year Book.")



## Our Library Table.

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### OLD ACQUAINTANCES OFF THE STAGE.

*The Stage-Coach; or, the Road of Life.* By John Mills, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn.  
—It is not more true that "all the world's a stage," than that all the world's a stage-coach; and Shakspeare would doubtless have said the one thing as well as the other, if he had enjoyed the advantage possessed by Mr. Mills, of living in an age when the stage-coach was not unjustly ranked among modern miracles of improvement, as an approach within a hair's breadth of perfectibility—when, in short, it was very properly numbered among the invaluable institutions of this favoured country.

There are, in the manifold circumstances attending the start and management of the stage-coach, in the associations connected with its comings and goings, with its triumphs and its upsets—its passengers inside and out, its constant relays and ever-changing drivers, its hangers-on and helpers infinite—a series of pictures in which it is not difficult to discern so many component parts of a representation of human life; we see, as the machinery passes, the dust of Time and the rolling wheels of Destiny. The "Road," in fact, is a realization, and an exact one enough, of the way of the world.

But, alas!—for it is impossible to make mention of a stage-coach in these days without having speedy resource to this expressive interjection,—Alas!—Why, it sounds like the name of one of the comparatively few forlorn and lingering runners yet left on the Queen's drearier highways! The exclamation follows the idea of the coach, like its title. It is high-time to obliterate the names of the remaining vehicles; to rechristen the remnant of the mighty and far-extending line of the long-stagers; to paint out the "Regulator," the "Champion," and the "Triumph," wherever we find the words—substituting in conspicuous letters the distinctive appellations of the "Heu Mihi!" the "Woe-is-me!" and the "All-dickey!"

As the old York waggon was to its successors, the "Celerity" and the "Alert"—so have these in turn become to the "Flash of Lightning," by which we now travel.

What a flash, crash, and dash were there in the flying stage-coach of our boyhood; and what a dull, dingy creeper it seems now. It looks ever to the criticising and pitying eye as though it had started long after its proper time, and was industriously trying to be too late—with every chance in that respect of being perfectly successful.

Nothing reminds us so forcibly of the astonishing onward progress of things—of the amazing rapidity with which we are leaving the Past behind, and rushing, while we are yet but the Present, into the actual Future—as the stage-coach, when making its daily movement as of old towards some scarce road, which the rail, strange to say, has not yet reached.

But though the glory of stage-coaching Europe be extinguished for ever—or, as Wordsworth may be supposed to sing, in his great ode—

"What though the glory that was once so bright,  
Be now for ever vanish'd from my sight;  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of glory in the 'Gem,' and splendour in the 'Flower,'"

the road of life, as Mr. Mills calls it, runs on still; and as the wise philosophy learned upon it, should be, to turn everything to the best account, so here we have the stage-coach doing duty in another capacity, and serving as a literary vehicle for all passengers who happen to have strong predilections for romance and revelry, and are disposed to seek all sorts of flying adventures, by dint of sitting quietly in the summer-shade up to the very eyes in "light reading."

How much a thing of the past, a vehicle of untimely neglect, the stage-coach is becoming, we gather from the very opening lines of these tales of the

road, descriptive of the scene amidst which they are told. Fancy an old inn in the vicinity of Aldgate, the entrance just sufficiently wide to admit a coach, the outside passengers bending their heads low to escape that well-known favour, "a bumper at parting;" the building, a contracted oblong, of great height, with large gable-ends jutting out everywhere—an old wide, carved, smoke-black balcony running across midway, exhibiting a faded creaking sign—corridors sweeping through the edifice, flanked with doors whose numbers bear a sad disproportion to the scarcity of inmates—the yard having its large stables, with empty stalls. Scarcely a flattened straw remains upon the sunken bricks; a battered horn-lantern still hangs in one of the abandoned places, and blue mould stifles up the inch of candle that remains unconsumed in the socket. In this mournful and desolate description, how plainly we read the triumph of the Railway—the downfall of the Coach! The spot may be further seen in the portraits of two of its tenants. The first, John Hogg—

"A man slowly descended a ladder, from a hay-loft over one of the stalls just described, and, with a lazy yawn, lifted his hands above his head, and stretched his legs upon the pavement. He was short and sturdy built, with shins that inclined to form a curve. His head seemed placed upon his shoulders as if Nature had economized, and dispensed with the superfluity of a neck. Crisp hair stood upon his head, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' One full black eye alone performed the office of vision, the other having been cut out with the thong of a four-in-hand whip, intended by a novice to lift a stinging fly from the tip of a leader's ear. His arms were so long that when standing upright he could polish the knees of his drab breeches—a habit very constantly practised by him. A round greasy cloth cap, stuck on one side of his head, gave him a careless, swaggering appearance; while a bright scarlet neckerchief, twisted once round where his throat ought to have been, added to the knowing, ostlerish costume."

The second, one Mr. Wirkem, of whose office in connexion with a coach, there can be no more mistake than in the other case; albeit, he is jolly to the last, in spite of the foul fiend, Steam.

"The speaker was a tall, corpulent man, who had entered the room unperceived by the soliloquizer. His ruddy, weather-beaten visage was partly shaded by a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and a fat double-chin was encased in the ample folds of a blue-spotted shawl. A long striped waistcoat, approaching his knees, was buttoned closely over a portly body, and a pair of drab breeches, with fawn-coloured ribands dangling in graceful negligence at the knees, adorned a couple of tubby-looking legs. The coat, which afforded protection not only to his ample shoulders, but to his heels, was of faded brown, and highly-polished laced-up shoes completed the attire."

It is in such an inn, in company suited to this pair—(a free-and-easy congregation of whips who have seen better days, but much of everything in the world, both in town and country) that the adventures are related which bear so aptly the designation of the "Road of Life." Each of a score assembled, in turn relates his tale of sad or jolly experience—the fox-hunter succeeds to the cad, the swell follows the ostler—the crack of the whip is heard in all, and scraps of characteristic conversation fill up the frequent pauses in the more romantic and connected narrative. The result is, a succession of tales, fanciful and facetious, embracing an immense variety of scenes, incidents and characters in actual life—together with others of a more polished and imaginative quality, as often as a broken-down gentleman takes his turn to contribute to the fund of entertainment. Of this latter class, is a tale entitled the Betrothed (the longest, perhaps, in the work), containing some features of painful and exciting, if scarcely legitimate interest; and many scenes touched with pathos, or dashed with brilliant colour. Freshness and animation are over all; and the fine animal spirits of the writer, though naturally at their greatest height when sporting-subjects are a-foot, evidently accompany him throughout his ever-shifting scene.

All the subjects and descriptions in this work will not equally charm all parties, but in their variety there is a sure resource. Every reader, however, will be struck with the grace and buoyancy of some pages, as well as with the



tenderness and sentiment of others ; qualities which Mr. Mills can not only introduce into prose, but exercise in verse, as a short specimen of the poetical elegances, scattered through the stories, like flowers by the road-side, will serve to shew :—

“ Now, while love, and hope, and feeling,  
 Into every vein are stealing,  
 Say, what shall I with books?  
 Then, dearest lady, come with me,  
 I'll not neglect philosophy,  
 But read it in thy looks.

“ Evening primroses are blowing ;  
 Come, and since no star is glowing,  
 I'll gaze within thine eye ;  
 Among the smiles that sparkle there,  
 As bright as starlight, but more fair,  
 Is my astronomy.

“ We will walk, long silent hours,  
 Brushing dew from heavy flow'rs ;  
 And though you turn from me,  
 Low bowing with a bashful grace,  
 New creeds I'll gather from thy face  
 Of sweet philosophy.”

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#### IRELAND AND HER LAKES.

*A Week at Killarney. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Engravings.*  
*How.*—The large and handsome work from the same popular and fertile source —“ Ireland,” by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—is, we hope, familiar to most of our readers. By its illustrations, literary and pictorial, it has claims upon permanent favour, as its authors have upon public gratitude, for the spirit in which they have executed their most difficult and honourable task. It is a book which has a tendency to lessen the distance between the English and the Irish people. It indicates a feeling which, if fairly met on the other side of St. George's Channel, can hardly fail in its general diffusion to hold together the two sister-nations in a bond to which the mere letter of the legislative union is weakness itself.

The amount of historical and statistical information drawn within the scope of the varied and agreeable narrative, denotes the utmost care and research ; the extent of inquiry into the influences of late changes, and the condition and prospects of the peasantry under the many forms which neglect and oppression take in that much-suffering country, shews with what zeal and sympathy personal investigation was carried on throughout the island by its literary illustrators ; while the felicitous pictures of social and domestic life, the fresh and vigorous portraiture of character, the picturesque sketches, whimsical anecdotes, and above all, perhaps, the irresistible examples of Irish pathos as well as humour, evince the happiest union in the two authors of qualities rarely found, but most essential in their fullest force to the production of a clear, bold, animated, and impartial work upon Ireland.

In the “ Week at Killarney,” we have, as it were, a chapter of the large work, amplified and made complete, so as to be better adapted for its purpose—that of serving as companion to the Lakes—than the work whence it is chiefly derived could, in the nature of things, be. It is in truth a guide-book to Killarney's famous waters ; and by its superior beauty—beauty both of the pen and the pencil—far outshining the united radiance of all guide-books hitherto devised—is worthy to represent the splendours of the matchless lakes themselves.

There are frequent traces in these agreeable pages that due pains have been taken to ensure accuracy upon points on which it is imperatively essential to the tourist ; the advice and instruction given are manifestly the result of much

experience, and prudent calculation and reflection ; while the exposition of the natural beauties of the place, the interest discoverable on the routes, and the ease and convenience with which one of the most delightful of all excursions may be taken, are well calculated to heighten our already-elevated impressions of Killarney, and to stimulate curiosity in its favour.

The different routes to the far-famed waters are pleasantly described and illustrated ; engravings exhibit the peculiar features of the road, and maps come in aid of the useful work. How much is to be seen in a day, is carefully explained ; and beauties are so parcelled out, that abundant as they are, it is clear that all may be easily viewed. Then the historical summaries and references are just of the proper length ; and the descriptive accounts are interspersed with those literary graces—sparkles of fancy and touches of deep and natural feeling—which few of the writers' pages are without.

For one passage, we have promised ourselves a little space,—it is evidently from the pen of the lady, to whom we are all so indebted for sketches, and pictures, and essays now very numerous, and destined, we hope, to be multiplied for years to come—writings which do more than exhibit, with exquisite truth and discrimination, the Irish habit and the Irish heart—they are as often types of all humanity, and expositors of the heart universal.

What we refer to, is a picture of that which every tourist is pretty sure to encounter at the Lakes—

#### A WET DAY.

" Pour—pour—pour !—a thorough day of Killarney rain—pour—pour—pour—unceasingly ! The noble trees of Mucross absolutely bend beneath the weight of waters. The cock who crowed so proudly yesterday, and carried his tail as if it were a Repeal-banner, has just tottered past, his crested neck stooped, and his long feathers trailing in the mud ;—the hens have disappeared altogether. The pigs !—no one ever did see a pig at liberty about Cloghreen ;—compulsatory stay-at-homes ! But there is a pony waiting to carry some one up to Mangerton—his ears laid back, and the water flowing down his sides. Three of the glen girls, with their goats'-milk and potteen, having stood for at least two hours under what, in ordinary weather, would be called 'the shelter of the trees,'—but now the trees look as if they themselves wanted shelter. And so the glen girls, with their yellow streaming hair, and piggins and bottles, and cracked tea-cups, have disappeared. Dill, poor little fuzzy-faced dog, has crept into the parlour wet and shivering, and is now looking up at the fire, composed of logs of holly, and huge lumps of turf,—in a *distracted* sort of way, not grinning as usual—the nearest approach to a human laugh we ever saw on a dog's face. The men who passed and repassed yesterday, carrying hampers of turf slung across their shoulders—what has become of them ? Certainly, they did not hurry at their occupation, but took it easy—'very asy,' lounging along in a somnambulist sort of style, indicative of a strong desire for repose. A few of the village children have passed to the pretty school ; and they have either galloped through the rain like young rough-shod colts, or gone in detachments—threes and fours, sheltered beneath their mother's cloak—a moving tent of grey or blue cloth. Everything appears shivering and nerveless—nature's energies seem washed away—the calf that was 'mooing' all yesterday to its mother has not the spirit now to move its tasselled tail, or raise its ears, or ask for a drop of milk. The gentle, patient 'fishing gentleman,' whom three years ago we left in a boat on Torc Lake, and discovered on the very same spot this summer—he whose name is never mentioned without a blessing, has come forth, looked up, shook his head twice at the clouds, then disappeared altogether, to tie flies, or perhaps count, as we have been doing, the number of rain-drops hanging from the window-frame, and wondering which will fall first. A little shock-headed girl, whose wild eyes glitter from out her hair, her cloak hanging in what artists call *wet drapery* around her, has just brought in news that the bridge is under water. . .

" How different is the soft splashy sound of the bare-footed peasants, who, at long intervals, slop past the windows, to the sharp clinking pattens of English dwellers in country villages ! . . .

" We migrate from the dwelling-house to the covered car. It is a sort of miniature wagon ; and though the wind still blows, and the rain still pours, we heed neither, but drive through the Mucross Gate, opened by the civil Nolan. Certainly, the Kerry people are the civilest and gentlest in all Ireland—ever ready and good-natured. It pours incessantly ; yet the driver Jerry, heedless of the



rain, only hopes we shall get a view of something, for we deserve it. The beautiful cows are grouped under the trees that so often afford them shelter—but now each leaf is a water-spout. We can only distinguish the outline of the Abbey—pour—pour—the lake has overflowed all its banks, and we splash through the water where the road is generally high and dry. Suddenly, as we arrive at Brickeen Bridge, the rain ceases, and while we get out of the car the sun bursts forth through the gorged clouds; his face has a damp, drowned aspect, yet words convey no idea of the effects of the sudden sunshine on the landscape; the view both to the right and left, created as it were, in a moment by the sudden burst of light, is magical; the clouds roll up the mountains—woods, hills, valleys, rocks, cascades, are all illuminated; but, in less time than it has taken us to write this line, the sun is again enclosed by a wall of black clouds; the vapours pour down the mountains, and we are thankful, as we ought to be, for the shelter of the ‘covered car.’ We dash through the drive that encircles the beautiful demesne—up hill and down dale—Jerry pausing now and then, and exclaiming, ‘Oh! den, but it is a pity! dere is a beautiful view, just there!—Well praise to de Almighty, but it is a wonderful day of rain, and no end to it.’ We get out at Dinis Island, and walk through the pouring shower to the best point for seeing the Old Weir. Ay! that is indeed worth seeing—it is almost impossible to believe we have ever glided under that arch, as if floating on air; the mountain streams are rushing down on every side; they have roused the lake; torrent meets torrent in fierce encounter; they lash each other, and foam and raise their crested heads, until the Old Weir Bridge seems to sink into the raging flood. It is really very glorious—‘well worth the trouble’—yes, certainly, *very* well worth seeing, although it be of all others the thing in nature most distasteful—a beauty in a passion.”

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THE LATE SENIOR POET.

*Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edmund Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S.* Who may now be the father of the living poets (properly so called) is a point which we leave the reader to find out; but few probably, if asked the question a short time ago, would have accorded the honours of seniority in the poetical department to the excellent inventor of the power-loom. We believe, however, that until recently the wreath due to the eldest living poet would have been justly bestowed on Dr. Cartwright.

In a letter addressed in later years to James Montgomery, the fine old enthusiast, (for such he was to the last,) one of the worthiest and most rightly honoured labourers in the fields of science that England has had the good fortune to possess, dates his poetical paternity from the year 1762. It was eight years afterwards that he published his *Armine and Elvira*, a legendary tale that went through seven editions in little more than a year, at a time (he says) “when few of my poetical sons now living could have held a pen or probably were born.” But great days for poets they assuredly were. Seven editions in a twelvemonth! To be sure, we are to recollect that poets were scarce. Having but few bards, men were obliged to multiply editions of their songs. “When I first appeared,” says good old Cartwright, “in the poetical horizon, there were scarcely a dozen poets, good or bad; now they are as numerous as the stars of heaven.” And thence comes a paucity of editions; for in our day, this ballad tale of the school of “Edwin and Emma” would hardly arrive at a second—yet it is excellent of its kind, and is very rightly included in some of the collections. The graceful fancy of the following exhibits its spirit fairly:—

“If haply from his guarded breast  
Should steal the unsuspected sigh,  
And memory, an unbidden guest,  
With former passions fill’d his eye;

“Then pious hope and duty praised  
The wisdom of th’ Unerring Sway;  
And while his eye to heaven he raised,  
Its silent waters stole away.”

The pleasing powers of Cartwright as a poet deserve the honouring mention they have found in this interesting volume; a tribute to, and record of, a man whose claims to remembrance are founded on far more important achievements than legendary poems. A brief account of Edmund Cartwright may be acceptable to many readers.

Born in 1743, he entered University College, Oxford; and though earnestly bent towards the sea, was forced to exchange all thoughts of the quarter-deck for the feelings belonging to the pulpit. Holding two livings successively, in Derbyshire and Leicestershire, he was, at forty, a country parson, and something of a poet; a decided Whig, and a contributor to the "Monthly Review." Cartwright wrote the criticism on Crabbe's first poem, and also the notice of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

In 1784, being on a visit at Matlock, Arkwright's method of spinning cotton by machinery, then recently established in the neighbourhood, became a subject of controversy, and, with Cartwright, of contemplation. Some speculations respecting it led him to reflect. Why not, thought he, apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving, and contrive looms to work up the yarn as fast as the spindle produced it? The notion was laughed at. But he went home, worked steadily, and in seven months took out a patent for the first power-loom.

He was less lucky in his machinery than in his legends; for no such rewards followed, although he added improvements, and had unquestionably accomplished a most important invention. No discouragement, however, could dull the edge of his ardour; he went on projecting and improving; and in the space of seven years from the time of his ceasing to be a mere quiet poetical country parson, he had taken out nine patents, built extensive works, and received an order from a wealthy house in Manchester for the use of four hundred of his looms. These had hardly been set to work, when the mill was burnt down. The poor inventor and poet made an assignment of his property, and came to London.

Here speculations relative to steam navigation occupied his mind, and afterwards various improvements in agricultural implements procured him popularity, if not profit. His greater services in Manchester, however, were not forgotten by the manufacturers; and they memorialized parliament for a recompence, which came, to the extent of ten thousand pounds; he had lost thirty. He was in his eightieth year when he died—the impulse and the ingenuity being still strong upon him; for he was inventing still, when death quietly summoned the cheerful, gifted, honourable labourer in the fields of science.

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*The British Ballads*, which Mr. S. C. Hall proposed to collect for the honours of illustration some considerable time ago, have now made much progress. All the specimens we have not seen, but commend heartily we must, and do, the seventh and eighth parts which we have just met with. Mr. Hall has made wise and tasteful choice of his subjects, and the illustrative notes are appropriate and interesting. The pictures with which most of these rare old ballads abound seem to have awakened the emulative genius of the artists. In the last part how excellent they all are. The startling ballad of "Rudiger," (E. M. Ward;) the "Eve of St. John," so admirably illustrated, (J. N. Paton;) and "Barthram's Bridge," with its touching points, (F. McLan;) are all worthy, like many of their companions, of long preservation. Mr. Franklin, and other artists besides those just named, are in great force, and the result promises to be a work interesting both in point of literature and art.

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*Twelve Views in Corsica* include Napoleon's house, the room in which he was born, the grotto wherein he had his first studies, and various scenes illustrative of his early military career. These are drawn and etched in excellent style by Mr. W. Cowen, who may boast of having made a valuable addition to the Napoleon memorials.



## JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

## CHAPTER IX.

VULGAR ROBBERY OBJECTIONABLE.—THE AMATEUR HIGHWAYMEN TRACED.—  
THE PEER DISCOVERS HIS PLUNDERER.

OUR gentlemen of the road, having decided upon leaving nothing in Lord Silverstick's carriage that was worth carrying away, now hastened off to the "Bird and Baby," to meet Lord Randy, leaving their trusty ally Dick Hibblethwaite, to watch over the fallen earl and his attendants, and in due season to liberate them—gratitude to the son prompting this gentlemanly tenderness for the father.

A virtuous deed is rarely unrewarded; and accordingly Dick was duly recompensed, after the lapse of a few minutes, during which he was arranging in his mind the mode and order of emancipation consistent with his own safety, by an elegant dissertation in his lordship's best manner, on the necessity of observing the rules of Chesterfield in every pursuit and relation of life. He lamented the extremely un-Chesterfieldian nature of the *fracas*. The loss of the money, &c.—this he was too polite to express concern for; he only felt pained by the reflection that there had been so gross a deviation from those established rules of etiquette which even that class of persons vulgarly known as highwaymen could never be pardoned for forgetting.

"Such a redeeming grace is there in the principles of that great master, whom I flatter myself I have the honour to follow," pursued the earl, "that I am not certain but that a robber sedulously observing them, might so far exalt himself in the estimation of all cultivated minds——"

But here, insensible to the exhortation, Dick, who had liberated the postboys, unceremoniously interrupted Lord Silverstick, by announcing that his lordship was at that instant free to depart, and lecture on politeness in any county in Christendom. With one touch of the spur he was out of sight, leaving the earl to the contemplation of another breach of etiquette,—which was, the deep sleep which had fallen upon Mr. Snap,—that gentleman having taken advantage of the discovery of a stray half-bottle of brandy, to drink, in one overwhelming draught, confusion to the robbers.

Roused by an intimation from his patron, that to the "Bird and Baby," as the nearest respectable inn, it had become desirable to proceed, Snap in his turn delivered an harangue, anticipatory, in a very small voice, of the coming thunders of the law, which presently brought the party to the inn-door. Here, a sensation was instantly produced; the landlord's profound respect for his distinguished guest being succeeded by a shock of horror at hearing the news of the robbery; of which event the ostlers spread the exciting intelligence so rapidly through the house, that it penetrated like air into the very apartment wherein the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who had just before been joined by the gallant Dick, were festively assembled.

Consternation was the feeling, and departure was the word; but unhappily, Dick (such is the fate of good-nature) was recognised by his voice, while ordering his horse, by one of the ungrateful postillions whom he had stayed behind to liberate. To denounce him as one of the robbers was easy, but to obtain credence in this case difficult. The landlord was ready to swear to the honour of his guest; and Dick was not without many friends just then, ready to render him a similar service. The postboy was therefore laughed at, and the gay party of horsemen took their departure.

But there was one person left behind—besides the postboy—who silently believed the tale, and admitted the identity. This was no other than that zealous person, whose exhortation to Sam Orton, touching strong drink, had startled the party on the highway, while the latter gentleman was acting as guardian to Lord Silverstick. It was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Rowbotham. The strong suspicion, once lodged in the mind of that moralist, was as good as gold to him—and like gold, not to be lightly flung away. First ascertaining the office held by Snap, and the connexion between him and the plundered nobleman, Ebenezer cautiously intimated the existence of a secret; but as to the nature of it, indeed, the impatient and manifold questions of the lawyer elicited no explanation.

“Verily,” said the good man, “it is not for a minister of peace to create confusion and anarchy between the brethren on earth.”

A bribe, however, after a little decent delay, did its work, and the information given led to the landlord being summoned into the presence of the earl, his attorney, and his witness. From mine host, the inquirers learnt the character of the company and the events of the morning—involving a mention of Hibblethwaite, and eliciting an inquiry from Rowbotham as to his claim to the appellation of “Gallows Dick.” The reply in the affirmative to this query, was the signal for one of those vehement and fiery harangues by which the distinguishing designation of the orator, “Ranting Row,” had been so deservedly obtained. Dick’s enormities since he impiously quitted the fold of Seal-street and the firm of Manesty being duly celebrated, the host completed his narrative of the movements of his guests; and at its conclusion, he having intimated that the party of roysterers were even then at a neighbouring inn, (a fact which they had confided to him, that he might send Lord Randy after them on his lordship’s arrival,) Rowbotham and Snap repaired to the hostelry in question, where by simply secreting themselves near the open window of a room in which a lively conversation was being carried on, they, after a due exercise of patience, in the easiest and most natural manner in the world, became perfectly convinced that the gentlemen-revellers were the robbers of the earl, and that Lord Randy himself was not wholly unimplicated in an act of plunder, more daring, if not more direct, than earls usually experience at the hands of their affectionate and duteous heirs.

With this news, the respectable pair of listeners returned to the astonished and bewildered Lord Silverstick. That noble Earl, however, hearkened to the unpleasant tidings with as much composure, and as conformably to the strict rules of etiquette, as the great Chesterfield himself could possibly have done; and then, by severe admonitions, and much more effective appeals to that sense of interest which was particularly strong in both his hearers, he prevailed upon



them to promise to observe silence touching this discovery, and to suppress all mention of the name of his son, then and for ever, in relation to so rude and vulgar a proceeding as a highway robbery. Handing a gratuity to the good Ebenezer, he occupied his lawyer in drawing up a deed, which, when completed, gave to Lord Randy the formal and perfectly legal possession (if he should happen to get it) of that said sum of two thousand pounds, which it was pretty clear, would never find its way back into his own.

## CHAPTER X.

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.—DEBATE ON THE DIVISION OF THE BOOTY.—FATAL DUEL, AND FLIGHT.

By this time, Lord Randy, according to agreement made some hours previous, arrived at the "Bird and Baby;" but instead of the message which his flashy friends, who had flown so judiciously, had left for him in the landlord's keeping, that functionary, obedient to a command of the earl's, apprised the new comer that a great nobleman was anxious for an interview with his lordship, and the next instant, a valet, not unfamiliar to his eyes, intimated that his father the Earl desired his presence up-stairs. As soon as the young lord recovered his breath, which fairly left him as this announcement entered his ears, he signified, with all the grace he could muster, his prompt compliance; and, ushered into the presence of the dignified author of his being, who received him with a stately coolness, he formally tendered his condolence to the earl on the unfortunate and disgraceful event of which he professed to have just cursorily heard below-stairs, adding a fervent wish that his lordship would instantly suffer him to depart, that he might endeavour to trace the villains, and bring them to condign punishment.

"The only way," returned Lord Silverstick, with amiable composure, and a bland smile—"the only way in which you can effectually trace the villains to the bar of justice, without incurring the degradation of a midnight pursuit, to the utter sacrifice of all personal dignity, would be by taking upon yourself the honourable duty of playing 'king's evidence' on the occasion."

Lord Randy put on, all things considered, a very creditable air of astonishment, touched with a pretty expression of anger at the unheard-of insinuation. He proceeded to descant on the topic of the wrong thus done to him by his revered parent, in a manner so energetic, and with such a disorderly rapidity of utterance, that his noble father was truly shocked.

"Lord Chesterfield," said he, quietly, "whose law is the true code of all politeness, never advocated force of expression or hastiness of language. I must beg you, therefore, to desist. I do not mind the denial of your guilt, but your gesticulations and rapid utterance offend me in the last degree."

Lord Silverstick then explained how the tale of plunder had been overheard, and by whom—and the consequent necessity of the assignment (already effected) of the stolen sum to Lord Randy, to stop the loquacity of the lawyer and the saint.

"I would not," said the excellent Lord Silverstick, "have this

affair transpire for the world. Apart from the robbery, and the immoral character of the parties, I should be shocked that my Lord Chesterfield should ever hear that you had selected for your companions such ill-mannered persons, the greatest boors in Lancashire."

Poor Randy, clearly convicted, could deny nothing; but listened quietly while the earl went on to explain that the two thousand pounds thus stolen, was a sum intended as the purchase-money of the estate which Lord Randy intended to sell—that he had designed originally, having bought the property, to return it as a present to his son—but that this parental pleasure he must now forego, as his agent was unprepared to meet another demand. His lordship suggested, however, but in much politer phraseology, that Lord Randy should instantly set to work to secure to himself as large a share of the plunder as he possibly could; and then taking leave of his son, as Lord Chesterfield would have parted from his, announced his intention of departing in the morning on a visit which he designed to do himself the pleasure of paying to his cousin Sir Hildebrand Stanley, in Cheshire.

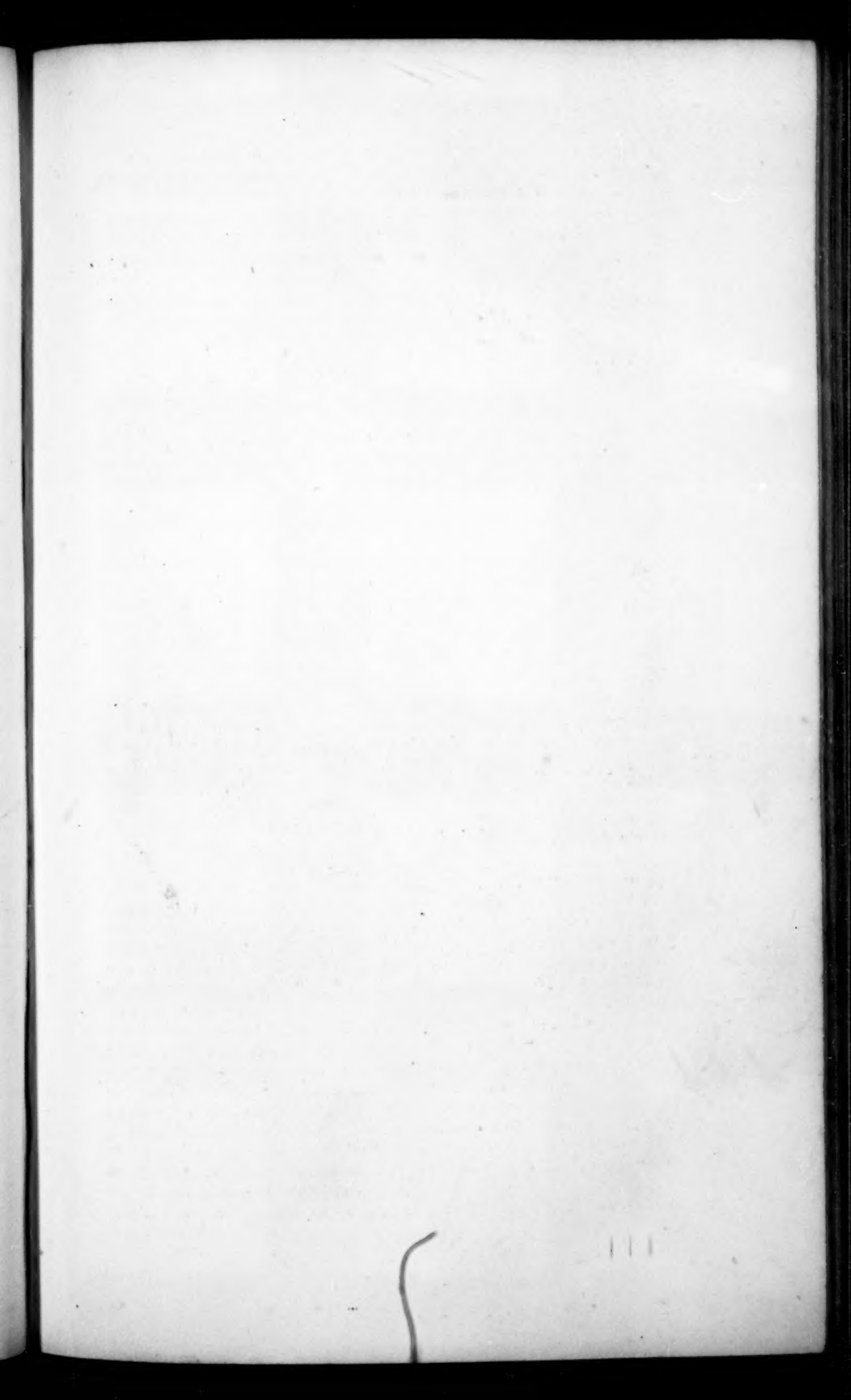
This meeting and parting were agreeable neither to Snap nor Ebenezer. The former, however, was comforted with the promise of a large fee from Lord Randy, on condition of prevailing upon the Earl to complete the purchase of the estate according to the first arrangement; and the latter was soothed with the reflection that he was pretty sure of obtaining a larger reward from Manesty, for his secret affecting Dick Hibblethwaite and his associates, than Lord Silverstick had given him for his silence. He determined, therefore, to sound Manesty on the subject, and with that laudable purpose in view, he started for Liverpool.

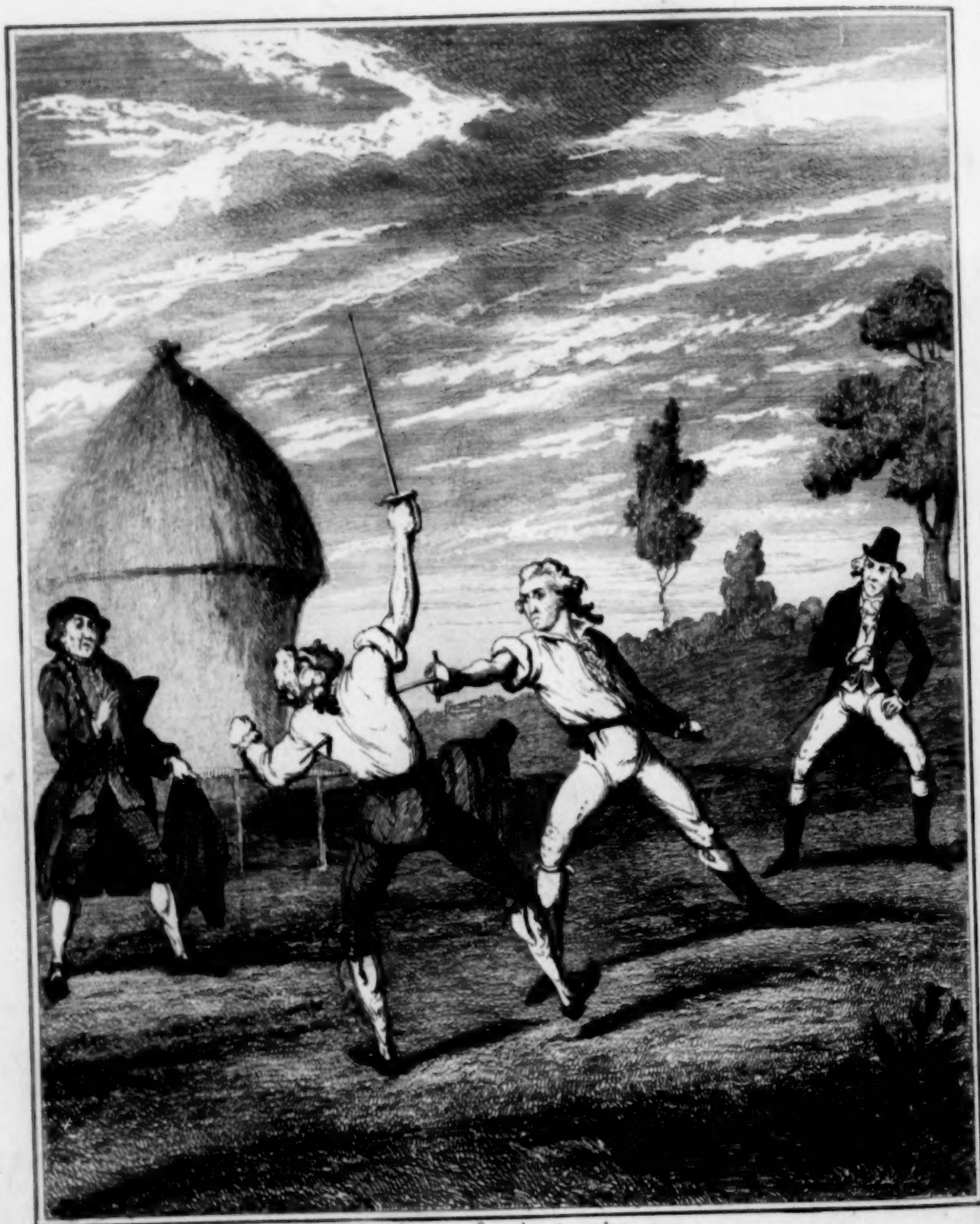
Before we can yet escape with the reader into other company, which is awaiting us elsewhere, we are constrained to follow Lord Randy on his prudent mission to secure a share of the booty—a share all the more necessary to console him now that he had discovered the melancholy fact, of which Morality, not yet in full possession of its estate, would do well to take especial notice, that, in assenting to the robbery of his father, he had been in reality the instigator of a robbery committed upon himself.

On repairing to the appointed place of meeting, which he readily found the next morning, he discovered the party reviving after their revel of the night, and was received with a roar of welcome. They described the glorious exploit, and dwelt upon the golden gains with a feeling little below rapture. He applauded their spirit, their courage, their cleverness—vowed that if instead of coming of gentle blood they had all been born to be hanged, the affair could not have been managed better; and concluded by handsomely promising every hero in company the sum of fifty pounds, in token of admiration and esteem. But generous feeling like this is not understood in all companies, and a scene of extraordinary confusion immediately ensued.

Let it be understood that this disorder arose not in any degree from surprise at his lordship's liberality, or reluctance to share the money which they had received as his agents; but from indignation at the insignificance of the per centage. Many mouths were open, but only one voice came forth. All in a breath asked him what he meant. Sam Orton, moved in an extreme degree by the audacity of the case, felt compelled to call for a tumbler of punch, and drink a speedy







*George Cruikshank*

The Fatal Duel between Lord Randy and Sir Toby.



downfall to all monopolists. Sir Toby swore, Sir Roger stared, and Dick was quite positive that his friend was merely jesting—or had gone stark mad. In vain did altogether represent that his lordship had been perfectly safe, while they ran all the risk, and that whether they gave him a farthing, or a guinea, or nothing, depended upon their friendship and generosity—although they *had* arranged previously to present him with a round five hundred. This was in vain. Lord Randy reminded them in reply, that if he chose to give evidence, their necks were in jeopardy—informed them of the intended appropriation of the money, produced the deed of assignment, and argued at such length, that the day had drawn to an end ere the quarrel rose to its height. This came in the form of a challenge from Sir Toby.

Sam Orton, seconded by an extra tumbler of punch, acted as the second of the challenger, and Dick Hibblethwaite as the friend of Lord Randy. Swords were the weapons. They met next morning in an adjoining field, and the combat was long and skilfully sustained, until, at length, Lord Randy, pressed hard himself, but not desirous of such success, terminated all Sir Toby's follies, vices, and vexations, by running him through the heart. The poor baronet's death was instantaneous, but not more quick in coming than the consternation that sprang up among the surviving group.

In those days, duelling did not attract quite so large a share of public attention and anxiety, as in these later times it is apt to do; and a fatal rencounter would often happen without creating any particular sensation beyond the limits of the neighbourhood witnessing it, or the family suffering by its sad end. Yet all, nevertheless, agreed that Lord Randy's only safe course consisted in flight, and he himself was of the same opinion. Dick Hibblethwaite slipped his share of the now blood-stained booty into his hand, to meet present emergencies, and hurried him off to Liverpool, there to lie secreted until an opportunity for escape should offer. With the other second he remained upon the spot, to hear the coroner issue his warrant for the apprehension of the guilty absentee, and to put in bail to answer for his own part in the sudden and lamentable tragedy.

## CHAPTER XI.

SIR HILDEBRAND'S GUESTS.—PROGRESS OF A SILENT PASSION.—A RIVAL STARTS UP.—TRUE LOVE'S GREATEST DIFFICULTY TO HOLD ITS TONGUE.—SOLID JOHN'S RETURN.

YOUNG MANESTY continued, during the absence of his uncle, to be a frequent, indeed a constant guest, of the good old master of Eagle-mont; Sir Hildebrand's attachment to him being strengthened by experience of his conduct and observation of his character. But by one dweller in that noble mansion—so gossips, at least, would say—Hugh was invariably met with a still warmer welcome, though it never was trusted perhaps to words; and all might notice far more accurately that the beautiful Mary Stanley appeared to have no disrelish for the gentle but manly discourse of the youthful visitor. The baronet, little suspecting what other eyes were seeing, or fancying they saw, cultivated the young man's acquaintance; not dreaming even, that any one connected with trade could ever conceive the idea of an alliance

with his lofty house, but feeling pleasure in opportunities of patronising the nephew of one to whom he was under pecuniary obligations.

On one occasion, when he had joined, as he frequently did in Sir Hildebrand's field sports, Hugh's horse stumbled and threw him. His hurt appeared serious, and he was carried to the hall with sorrow depicted on every countenance. As they bore him in, there was an arrival at the hall-door—a guest of some distinction of presence, who was warmly greeted by the sorrowing master of the mansion, and much less warmly—with marked coldness rather—even amidst the agitation and distress which the accident to Hugh had occasioned—by its youthful mistress.

The new comer, the first ceremonials of greeting over, inquired relative to the invalid; and on learning his name, an expression of anything but pleasure passed over his face. Having ascertained that the young guest was related to "Solid John," the questions rather pointedly addressed were,—how long they had been acquainted with him, how often he visited, how long he stayed—and the closing remark, conveyed in a quiet and subdued voice, was, an intimation of his surprise that such a person should for a moment have been allowed to remain an inmate at Eaglemont!

The person thus arriving, and exhibiting with so little disguise his unfavourable opinion of Hugh, was Colonel Stanley, a nephew of Sir Hildebrand. Whatever sense of family importance might attach to the race of the Stanleys, was to the very full participated in by the colonel, who inherited besides, an aptitude for not under-rating in any degree his own personal merits. He had but a slender stock of that suavity which throws such a grace on aristocracy; nor was his character or bearing rendered more amiable by his professional associations, or his pursuits in the gay world, which were of a somewhat bold and dissipated turn even in the first flush of youth—a flush that might now be said to have partially faded.

Colonel Stanley took up his residence at the hall; and if those people who always *will* be talking, imagined symptoms of attachment on the part of Hugh to Mary Stanley, they might have spoken freely, without any influence of the imagination, of the passion with which it was evident she had in a very short time indeed inspired the colonel. His attentions to her became marked and constant; and the military lover had, it was quite clear, the favouring wishes, or at least the quiet approval of Sir Hildebrand himself.

But this was all. The decided coolness with which he had at first been received by the beautiful object of his adoration and his hopes, never warmed upon any occasion into cordiality; and formal politeness was, and promised to be, the only return accorded to his passion.

Hugh Manesty, in the meantime, operated upon, perhaps, as beneficially by the constant inquiries vouchsafed by Mary, as by the measures taken by the surgeon, recovered rapidly, and again made his appearance in the family circle. The necessary introduction to Colonel Stanley took place, and was characterized by extreme restraint and hauteur on the part of the high-born officer—a manner which Hugh was not slow to observe, though cautious in interpreting.

The cause of the evident dislike with which he was regarded, soon flashed upon his understanding, when Hugh discerned the apparent object of the colonel's visit, and the designs which he cherished with



respect to Miss Stanley. Something in Hugh's heart—a feeling not tinged by vanity or presumption in the least—told him that he himself, though he could hardly dare hope to be a dangerous rival, might nevertheless be looked upon as one by the restless and suspicious eyes of Mary's relative and admirer.

It was this discovery, and the surmise which followed it, that determined him to be totally blind if possible to the cold indifference or even the marked rudeness of Colonel Stanley; and without forfeiting his own self-respect, to win the regard of others rather by the exercise of a superior sense, than an impatient and resentful spirit, in his unavoidable intercourse with his friend's guest.

Thus matters stood when Lord Silverstick arrived at Eaglemont, to gild the refined gold of the polite circle assembled there. The incident afforded a diversion for a moment to the antipathy which Colonel Stanley continued to display, and which soon settled with almost equal earnestness upon the earl himself, whose exquisite notions of politeness clashed fatally with his own, and threw into awkward relief his uncourteous and intolerant demeanour.

Lord Silverstick was too sensitive on all such points not to notice this peculiarity in the military member of the Stanley family; and was for the same reason, perhaps, struck with the true politeness and sensible spirit of Hugh Manesty, towards whom he soon evinced a partiality. This, on the other hand, had its influence upon the slighted son of trade, who, seeing the earl's good-breeding and complaisance to all, while they were particularly manifested towards himself, observed at the same time the peculiar foible of the old nobleman, and rather than hurt his feelings by needless contradiction, bent to the humour which he found amusing as well as amiable.

The good understanding between these two opposite persons, to say nothing of the progress which both had very palpably made in the good graces of the fair creature to whom he was assiduously paying court, stung Colonel Stanley as often as he witnessed proofs of it. It inflamed his feeling of jealousy and aversion to Hugh, and gave to his jeers and taunts, when these could be quite safely hazarded, a sharper point and a more inveterate aim. He affected, where he could, to laugh at the "toadyism" of the young trader, and pityingly remarked that it was natural such a person should pay his court to a Lord Silverstick, with the view of obtaining a securer footing in respectable society.

The object of these insults was quite unable all this time to guess at their extent; what he knew of them he seemed totally indifferent to, choosing, in consistency with his resolution, to avoid the colonel, and address him but upon compulsion, rather than by an open rupture hasten his departure, and doom himself to take a final farewell of the Stanley family—in other words, of kind, gracious, and enchanting Mary.

While he thus steadily persevered, it was plain that Colonel Stanley was, by his unscrupulous, yet often insidious, attacks on the young man, destroying every hope of improving his suit with Miss Stanley, while her sympathy for Hugh as naturally increased. Yielding to her father's wishes, and caught in the nets which the colonel was incessantly spreading, she was obliged too frequently to have her disagreeable cousin for her companion in her daily rides—Sir Hildebrand

insisting upon retaining the genial company of Hugh, who was rarely permitted to be alone with her for a moment.

Sometimes, however, to escape the colonel, she would propose to accompany the earl in his daily drive; and then it was that she never failed to experience a throb of inward delight, in listening to an elaborate contrast drawn between the un-Chesterfield-like rudeness of her cousin, and the polite manners of her father's young visitor, of whose striking resemblance to somebody or other—(the name, influenced possibly by some instinct or maxim of politeness, the earl never mentioned)—whom he had the honour of knowing in his youth.

More than once he cautioned her, in a grave but delicate manner, against thinking of a union with Colonel Stanley, assuring her that Sir Hildebrand would never promote such an alliance if he knew it to be contrary to her wishes; and more than once, in trembling but yet earnest maidenly tones, did Miss Stanley assure him that her feelings towards her cousin had singularly little resemblance to those of love. It was for this reason, perhaps, that Lord Silverstick continued to suspect that she secretly favoured the inclinations of the colonel.

The good baronet, in the meantime, grew more in love with the design he had formed—the union of Mary with his nephew; and in one of his morning rambles, brooding upon the thought, with Hugh Manesty for his companion, he suddenly opened up his whole mind upon the subject to that agitated young gentleman himself. Hugh, true to the promise he had made to his uncle at their separation, was silent—though his heart swelled almost to bursting with its precious secret—regarding his own attachment; yet with parched lips, and in uneasy tones, he ventured to suggest that Miss Stanley, if undesirous of such an alliance, should never be coerced, and with an intimation that her earthly happiness might possibly be destroyed merely to secure her cousin's, excused himself from further converse on so delicate a subject.

Breaking from the baronet, to spare himself a further trial of his resolution, Hugh encountered Lord Silverstick. Strange to say, that nobleman was in search of him, intent on gratifying his particular dislike of the brusque manners of the colonel, by engaging his young friend in some fair plot for preventing the match, unless indeed, which he feared was the case, the lady was already entangled to some extent by her wily cousin. This fear disconcerted poor Manesty more than the hopes of Sir Hildebrand had done; and with less outward observance of the earl's maxims of etiquette than usual, he started off suddenly, determined to seek some early opportunity of touching tenderly on a subject now so openly spoken upon—of introducing it even in Mary's own presence, and to her ear only.

Nor—for true love runs very smoothly sometimes—was such an opportunity long wanting. The light air and tone which he assumed, when the moment came and the subject was glanced at, could not for a single moment conceal the earnestness of the feeling with which he spoke, and which redeemed every word he uttered from indelicacy or presumption. By Miss Stanley, at least an equal earnestness was openly expressed, without the pretence of concealment—a bright flush upon her brow proclaimed her indignation that any idea of her contemplating such an alliance should have arisen; and the decision of



her tone—most musical, but now not most melancholy to the ear of Hugh—sealed, beyond all question, the destiny of her gallant cousin and wooer.

The feeling of delight in Hugh's heart could not but lighten up his face. It flashed at once into his eyes—and as those of Miss Stanley turned and met their expressive gaze, he felt that he had almost violated a sacred promise; while, so well did she understand that look that she almost fancied his voice had accompanied it, making the same confession.

Yet not a word was spoken; not a hint, not a whisper of what was doubtless throbbing in the hearts of both, passed between them; and Hugh departed for Liverpool, satisfied with the glory and pain of his silence, and caring less than ever for the contempt of the colonel.

His visits to Eaglemont were too welcome to Sir Hildebrand, and of course too delightful to himself, not to be continued at short intervals. At each repetition, he found the same tokens of untiring passion displayed, the same advantages enjoyed, by the colonel; and, of course, although pretty confident that the enemy was unsuccessful still, he was not wholly free from those fits of superfluous trembling and alarm, those spasms of jealous apprehension, which age after age have formed a portion of the private property of every lover placed in an embarrassing position. One device he gladly availed himself of—one little means of conveying to Mary some explanation of his strange conduct, without breaking a particle of his promise to John Manesty. The grand county ball was just approaching.

"Mind, Hugh," observed the old baronet, in a bantering vein, to his young friend, Miss Stanley being then and there present, "there are to be many beauties at this ball, and I advise you to look with both eyes in all directions. Depend on it, with that gallant air and winning speech of yours, a partner may be made prize of, to last you longer than the night."

If the face of the young lady, who was just then leaning, with the most natural grace in the world, over the back of her father's chair, betrayed, by smile, or blush, or downcast look, any sign of her having heard the remark, Hugh Manesty beheld it not. His eyes were bent in an opposite direction, as, with admirable readiness, he said, after a pause—

"I should not, believe me, have been so long apparently insensible to the charms of the Cheshire damsels, had not my uncle been cruel enough to make me promise not to be tempted into the solicitation of any lady's hand in marriage for the space of three years. One, only one year of this probationary term has expired. I must even submit for the remainder of the time to be deemed heartless, and insensible to the dazzling beauty of the Lancashire witches—to the exquisite feminine softness of the lovely dames of Cheshire."

This was uttered rather happily, with a seemingly easy air, which was, nevertheless, extremely hard for the young speaker to assume. He then ventured to add, in a tone rather deepened, and with a glance at Mary, momentary, but not unobservant—

"Although, if my heart could but be read, it might perhaps tell a different—a far different tale."

There were, on that occasion, no more words, and no more looks; but from the hour, thenceforward, a different, a more assured and

consistent idea, took possession of Miss Stanley's mind, and her demeanour to her father's visitor was ever alike—cordial, friendly, but disengaged. A quiet and intelligent confidence, approaching to happiness, took possession of both; and so they continued to meet and to part, until one day when on a visit at the abode wherein his soul always dwelt though he were absent in person, Hugh's parting was a sudden one;—he was summoned to Liverpool to meet his uncle, John Manesty, on his return from Jamaica.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A SECOND DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST INDIES.

WHEN Manesty, after nearly a year's absence, returned, there was no alteration in his conduct. He arrived on the first of October, as it might be, and on the second, was at desk and 'Change as usual. He had not been as successful as he had wished, in winding up the affairs of Brooklyn Royal, but they wore a better aspect than when he had left Liverpool. He sincerely wished that he was out of the concern altogether, but he did not see his way clearly as yet. During his absence, the industry and energy of his nephew had done everything that he could desire, and the affairs of the firm were more prosperous than ever. His own expedition, too, had made an amendment in its sorest quarter, and what had been for some years a matter of rare occurrence, or rather of no occurrence, it had yielded some return. He took his place without ceremony among the merchants of Liverpool; and the vacancy occasioned by the absence of "Manesty and Co." upon 'Change, was, to the great delight of Robin Shuckleborough, filled up by the substantial apparition of its representative.

So things waxed and waned; but again a cloud came over the spirit of Manesty. "This West Indian estate," said he to his nephew, "will make me mad. Here is another troublesome thing, which can be managed by me alone."

"Cannot I go?" asked Hugh, inquiringly.

The uncle paused for a moment, and looked sadly in his face.

"No, dear Hugh, you cannot. The associations which our family, or at least my family, has with the Antilles, are anything but agreeable; and you would there learn much that would grieve you. And without wishing to confound you with that scapegrace Richard Hibblethwaite, I cannot forget that he was sent out there a youth of much promise, and you see what he is. He learned it all in the West Indies. I do not say, my dear nephew, you would follow so pernicious an example; but I do not wish that the same risk should be run again. I'll go myself, but this shall be the last time. I'll now wash my hands of it altogether."

Hugh was well aware that remonstrance was vain; and perhaps the young merchant was not very seriously disinclined to take upon himself the dignity of so wealthy a house, or to be disencumbered of the watchful eye of his uncle. Again, then, Manesty went, and was again absent for the same space of time. Things had been more prosperous during the last year, in point of money matters; but what seemed to please him most was, that he had now certainly arranged to free himself on fair and conscientious terms of the plantation. "I thought,"



said he, "my last visit was to conclude; there must be one more, and then I am free from the nuisance altogether."

Another year, and the parting visit to Brooklyn was to be paid.

"There are footpads and mounted highwaymen on the road, dear uncle," said Hugh, as they were discussing the contingencies of the journey. "A man was robbed close by Grantham, three weeks ago. Had not you better wait until you can get company to travel on this dreary road from Liverpool to London. Mr. Buckleborough and his brother are about to start with two servants, in three days from this, could not you wait to join them? or, though Aylward's coach is tedious enough in all conscience, yet in these dark nights, I think anything is better than riding alone such a wearisome way."

"Are not the parts of Mentor and Telemachus somewhat reversed in this case?" said the elder Manesty, smiling as much as his features could be persuaded to do. "Fear not for me. I am no longer young; but he would be a highwayman of some enterprise, who would come within reach of this hand, and if he employed other weapons than those which nature gives,—there, too," he continued, opening a pistol-case, "I am not unprepared to match with the lawless."

"But it is said that there are gangs on the road, and——"

"And I must use care and precaution to avoid them. That leave to me. If I fall in their way, I fear me, I should be much more embarrassed by the presence than by the absence of worthy Mr. Buckleborough and his companions of the road."

He mused for awhile. "It is the last time, Hugh—positively the last time—that I make this voyage, which, except that it has been, in a certain sense, advantageous in money matters, was always hateful to me. You have kept—honourably kept, the promise you made to me almost three years ago. Do not speak, Hugh! Perhaps many months will not elapse, when, if I find that what is now floating through your fancy is in reality fixed in your heart, you will find that though I cannot fill up your dreams of romance, I may assist you in turning your just desires and wishes into reality. But you do not know what is the bar between you and the lady of your regard, whom it would be mere affectation on my part if I pretended to remain ignorant."

"A bar, uncle!" said Hugh. "A bar!—what bar? There can be no bar!"

"Rest quiet for a few months," replied the uncle; "and if you then wish to marry her on whom your heart is now fixed—But I am very sleepy, and must start early in the morning. Good night, Hugh, you will find everything ready for your daily business. May God bless you," he continued, pressing his hands upon the glossy head of his nephew, "and now retire. I write from London."

Hugh imagined that the hands of his uncle, as he gave him the parting benediction were hot and feverish, and that something like an approximation to a tear trembled in his stony eye; he made the usual valedictions, and left the room. Something in his uncle's manner told him that the abandonment of this worrying West Indian property, was to be the precursor of his giving up business altogether; that the heir of the baronetage of Wolsterholme might reclaim under Whig auspices the honours that Tory politics had lost; that the riches of Pool Lane might resuscitate the former glories of the manor-house and estate so unaccountably purchased and retained by his uncle; that

let but a few months pass, everything would be as his heart could wish; that Mary Stanley——. In thinking of all which, he fell fast asleep, to dream of what Robin would have called its last item.

His uncle did not go to sleep. "I have much to do," muttered he to himself, "and much to think of. Never again——" He rang a bell, and a servant instantly appeared.

"Bring hot water, and tumblers, Seth," he said, "and pipes, with tobacco from the canisters marked, B.B. 2-1. I believe the rum is in the cupboard—see if it is; and the sugar, and the lemons. They are so. Has the old man come?"

"Near an hour ago," said Seth, fervently, "he hath been testifying to us in the counting-house."

"He is aged," said Manesty, "and requires these comforts; I want them not. Tell him I am alone."

Seth zealously complied, and in a few minutes Aminadab, the ancient, sate by the board of John Manesty. The old man—he was near ninety—remained not long; but long did his host muse on what he had said. In the morning, day-dawn saw him on his route for London.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE RETURN—AND THE ACCUSATION.

THREE or four months after his return, Manesty was one Sunday after service seated on the top of the steps leading to his house, and enjoying as much of sun as the structure and atmosphere of Pool Lane permitted to enter into its gloomy recesses, while he calmly smoked his pipe. His solid features rarely permitted any expression of what was passing within to escape; but he seemed to be in a mood of peculiar calmness. He was completely alone, and few passengers disturbed the silence of the way.

He was drawn from the abstraction of thoughts, whatever they might have been, by the noisy voice of a drunken man. He looked in the direction whence it proceeded, and saw a very tipsy sailor, scarcely able to stand, staggering towards his house, uttering senseless oaths and idle imprecations, as he pursued his unsteady course. This was no more a strange sight in Liverpool, in the opening days of the reign of George the Third, than it is in these of his grand-daughter—and Manesty paid it small attention. The sailor, however, made his way up to the steps on which the merchant was sitting, and after looking upon him for a moment with the lack-lustre and wandering glance of drunkenness, steadied himself by grasping the rails, and exclaimed, with a profusion of oaths, which we decline repeating—

"It is he! I can't be mistaken; no—not in a hundred years. I say, old chap, tip us your fist."

"I think," said Manesty, gravely, "friend, that you might have been employing your Sabbath more graciously."

"More graciously!" hiccuped forth the drunken sailor; "why, I have employed it as graciously as yourself. I saw you cruising into the preaching shop in Seal-street, and I said it is he. But I was not sure, so I went in among the humbugs, and there were you with a psalm-singing phiz, rated high among the ship's company of the crazy craft."

"I think you had better get to bed, friend," said Manesty. "I certainly was in Seal-street, listening to the prayers and sermon of



Mr. ——. If you were there, they appear to have had but little effect upon you. At all events, pass quietly on your way; I am not a person easily to be trifled with, and I know you not."

"But I know you," said the drunken sailor; "and——"

"It is very possible," said Manesty. "And if you do, you know me as a man of some authority and command in Liverpool; and if further annoyed, I may find the means of keeping you quiet, until your sense, if you have any, returns. Pass on."

The sailor looked up the lane and down, with all the caution of tipsy cunning. It was perfectly clear. No person was to be seen but themselves.

"Pass on!" said he, "but I will not pass on, until you and I have had a glass together. Command in Liverpool, have you? Ay! devil doubt! You have command wherever you go."

"You are becoming unbearable," said Manesty. "I shall call my servant to fetch a constable."

"Fetch a constable!" said the sailor, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Fetch him, by all means, my old boy. I know the ground where you would not be in such a hurry to send for constables. Zounds! to think that Bob Blazes should be sent to quod by——"

Here again he looked up and down the street, and still they were alone as before.

"Sent to quod," continued he, in an undertone, "by Dick Hoskins."

"I find," said Manesty, quietly, "that I must rid myself of this nuisance. Friend, the only excuse, such as it is, for your gross impertinence, is your drunkenness. Hezekiah," said he, speaking through the window, "go over to the castle, and tell Steels, the head constable, or any of his people, who may be in attendance there, to come to me at once. I want their assistance."

Hezekiah was soon seen issuing forth upon the errand, and the rage of the sailor seemed to be aroused.

"So Hezekiah is the name of the master-at-arms now. I remember when it was Bloody Bill—many a long league off. You'll get rid of me, you say; I don't doubt it a bit, commodore. I am not the first who stood in your way you got rid of. But this an't no way to hail a hand as has stuck by you in thick and thin. What, d'ye think I'd peach? I comed in all love and friendship; and you might have walked the quarter-deck among them snuffle-snouted land-pirates, without a word from Bob Blazes. But as you are a-calling for beaks and law-sharks, there's an end. I shake my feet off the dust, as I heard the lubber say to-day, in the hencoop, where he was boxed. It an't quite convenient for me this blessed minute to be grabbed for anything nohow, so I'll be off from your plant in time; but you may be sure that it won't be long before all the Mersey knows that Mr. John Muddlesty the saint, is Mr. Dick Hoskins the pirate."

He made a convulsive rush from the lane, which Manesty shewed no inclination to stop, just in time to escape the return of a couple of constables, with Hezekiah. His master despatched the party to the cellar, simply observing, "that as the annoyance was over, it was of no consequence to pursue its cause." He sate down at dinner at his usual hour, and the incident seemed to have no effect in ruffling his ordinary course of Sunday arrangements.

It had, however, and that a most material one. He was told before his dinner was well concluded, that a brother in the faith, Ozias Rheinenberger, one of the leading Moravians, wished to speak with him. Robin Shuckleborough, who usually shared his patron's Sunday dinners, rose at the announcement to depart. Hugh was absent elsewhere.

"It is needless, Robin," said Manesty; "he cannot have anything to say in the way of business on the Sabbath; and in aught else I have no secrets whatever. Bid Mr. Rheinenberger walk up stairs."

The features of the Moravian were plain, and inexpressive. There was a look of meekness, native or acquired, that won those who believed it honest, and repelled those who were inclined to consider it hypocritical. His lank hair was plastered over his pale brows, and his dress and general appearance was such as to denote him one careless of the fopperies of the world. He was in a branch of trade which threw him much in the way of Manesty, who had on many occasions been to him of considerable service in promoting or extending his commerce. On the occasion of his present visit he seemed to be sadly depressed in mind.

"Sit down, Ozias," said the host; "have you dined? There is enough left after the knife and fork of Robin and me to make your dinner."

"I have dined," said Ozias, with a sad tone.

"Will you have a glass of wine, then?" asked Manesty. "Something appears to have put you out of spirits. Shuckleborough and I were contenting ourselves with ale; but, Robin, take the keys, and open that *garde-de-vin*, and——"

"I had rather not take any wine," said Ozias, in the same melancholy voice; "in short, I have something to say to thee, John, which concerns thy private ear. If our friend——"

"No," said Manesty, to the departing Robin; "do not stir. On trade I speak not on Sundays;—speak as you will about all else beside."

Ozias paused, and shuffled upon his chair; but he recovered in a short time.

"The straightforward road is ever the best; those who travel by devious ways are apt to lose the true track. Here is a strange story spreading all through Liverpool——"

He paused again, and his chair was shaken as before.

"Proceed," said Manesty, quietly.

"Hast thou," asked Ozias, "seen a strange sailor this morning?"

"I have," was the reply, "outside this house. He accosted me with some absurd impertinence, dictated by drunkenness—for the man was excessively drunk; and when I sent Hezekiah for a constable, not more to get him out of my way, than to have the incapable fellow taken care of, until he had slept off his liquor, he made a staggering run out of the lane. I did not think it worth while to send in pursuit, and have not heard anything more about him since. It is about an hour and a half ago since he was here. What of him?"

"Much," said Ozias, with a sigh. "He has spread everywhere, far and wide, that he has seen you beyond seas, and that you are identified with——"

"Dick Hoskins, the pirate," interrupted Manesty. "Yes, as well as I could gather from his all but inarticulate gabble, that was his accusation."